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MEMOIR OF FATHER ANDREW WHITE. *

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FATHER ANDREW WHITE, "the Apostle of Maryland," was born at London some time in the year 1579. His parentage has never been discovered, nor have our historians been able to bring to light the history of his early youth. For the Church in England those were gloomy days, in which the lot of Andrew White was cast. Having abandoned the faith of Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Bede, Becket, Anselm and Sir Thomas Moore, England was persecuting, with a ruthless hand, those of her sons who remained true to the faith of their fathers. There were no Catholic schools for Catholic children to attend. The children of Catholic parents were secretly educated in the first lessons of religion and of letters in the bosoms of their own families. The firm faith, the tender piety and the untiring zeal, which so beautifully illustrate the whole life of Father White, may well justify us in supposing, that in his youth he received under the paternal roof and in the secrecy and concealment, which were in those times only a precarious protection for Catholics from the vigilance of tyranny, a thoroughly Catholic and profoundly religious training from worthy and pious parents. By the laws of England, "papists," if they educated their children at home, forfeited £10 per month; if they sent them abroad to a Catholic school, the forfeiture was £100, and "the children themselves were disabled from inheriting, purchasing or enjoying any lands, profits, goods, debts, duties, legacies or sums of money." Those who ventured abroad for education were compelled to go in disguise, under assumed names. But the persecutions of the times did not deter this noble youth from aspiring to the sacred ministry. Denied by the laws of his native country the benefits of a Catholic education at home, he made his studies abroad at Douay, and is supposed to have received holy orders as a secular priest at that college about the year 1605. He shortly afterwards returned to England, in order to labor for the conversion of his countrymen to the faith they had abandoned. He was

* The works from which the materials of this memoir have been chiefly drawn are, Shea's History of the Catholic Missions; Col. B. U. Campbell's Sketches of the Early Missions of Maryland and of the lives of Father White and his companions; McSherry's History of Maryland; Bancroft's History of the United States, v. 1; and Father White's "Narrative" in Force's Collection of Historical Tracts, vol. 4, No. 12.

soon discovered, and seized as a "popish priest," thrown into prison and with forty-six other Catholic priests, condemned to perpetual banishment, in 1606. In the month of February, 1607, at the age of twenty-eight, he joined the Society of Jesus, and after two years novitiate at St. John's in the University of Louvain, then under the charge of the Rev. Thomas Talbot, he made his simple vows as a member of that illustrious Order on the 2d of February, 1609. He again returned to England and labored unceasingly as a missionary of the faith in that ravaged and desolated vineyard of the Lord. During the period of his ministry thus spent, his life was in constant danger, since it was reputed by the laws of England *high treason* for any English priest to come into the country from beyond seas and tarry three days without conforming to the established church. Father White was consequently recalled by his Superiors, and, having been regularly "professed" in the Society of Jesus in the year 1619 on the 15th of June, he was about this time sent to Spain, where he assisted in instructing the young Englishmen, who were then and there being trained for the missions of their own country. While in Spain he was successively Prefect of Studies, Professor of Sacred Scripture, Scholastic Theology and Hebrew, in the Seminaries founded for the English missions, St. Alban's at Valladolid, and St. Hermenegild's at Seville. He afterwards occupied the chair of Divinity, first at Louvain and then at Liege in Belgium; and by the abilities with which he discharged these duties called forth universal applause. The high and responsible posts which Father White was thus called upon to fill, assure us of his extraordinary attainments in learning, which were as various as they were profound. An account which we have received, represents him as "a man of transcendent talents."

But Father White's zeal for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls surpassed his extraordinary learning. In the year 1633, Lord Baltimore, the Catholic Peer of England, true to his duty as a Catholic and philanthropist, and in order to render complete the preparations for the departure of the emigrants, our Pilgrim Fathers, who were selected and destined to establish his Colony of Maryland in America, applied to the Superior of the Society of Jesus for missionaries to supply the spiritual wants of the colonists and then at Liege for the conversion of the Indians. Father White was selected for this mission by Father Vincent Caraffa, the superior-general. Having already tasted the delights of suffering for the sake of his Divine Master, he ardently and joyfully embraced this new field of labor and privations. His companions were Father John Altham and two lay-brothers of the society, John Knowles and Thomas Gervase. They joined the little band of two hundred in England, and on the 22d of November, 1633, St. Cecilia's day, the "Ark" and the "Dove," bearing the germ of a free and glorious commonwealth, took their departure for the Western Continent. Thus Civil and Religious Liberty,

"tyrannum
Execrata truce[m], credit melioribus undis
Spem generis."

Father White and his companions "first placed all the principal parts of the ship under the protection of God, the Most Holy Mother, St. Ignatius and all the other guardian angels of Maryland." Threatened with shipwreck during the first part of the voyage, which was most tempestuous, the pious pilgrims united with the zealous priests in prayer to the God that rules the storm, and in invoking the prayers of the Blessed Virgin under the title of "the Immaculate," and prepared themselves for their impending fate by humbly approaching the sacrament of pen-

ance. Providence preserved them in a manner which they piously and gratefully regarded as miraculous, and granting them an uninterrupted calm for the remainder of the voyage, guided them safely to their chosen asylum in the wilderness. Having touched at Barbadoes, they arrived on the 3d of March, 1634, in the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. On the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, they landed on St. Clement's Island (now Blackstone's), where Father White offered up for the first time on that virgin soil, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and having erected the sign of our redemption, the whole company united with the good Fathers in chanting the Litany of the Holy Cross.

At the time of his arrival in Maryland, Father White was about fifty-five years of age. He commenced his missionary duties with a zeal and activity, that would have crowned with honor and glory brows much younger. The first object that engaged his attention was the glorious work of converting the natives to the Christian faith. The little colony planted themselves at St. Mary's City. Father White immediately applied himself to the study of the Indian language, the acquisition of which he found a difficult task, in consequence of the great number and variety of its dialects, each dialect being spoken within very narrow limits, such as a single village and the surrounding country. The gentleness and docility of the natives in the vicinity of St. Mary's City enabled the missionaries to gather early fruits from their labors. One of the Indians surrendered his wigwam to Father White, who immediately dedicated it to the service of the only true and living God, and called it "*The first chapel in Maryland.*" The most powerful of the Indian tribes then inhabiting the Province of Maryland were the Susquehannas, who were subdivided into several smaller tribes, and amongst these were the Piscataways, also very powerful, and the Patuxents. Chiefly to these two tribes our Jesuit missionaries first preached the gospel. Father White, having acquired their language, prepared an Indian grammar, dictionary and catechism, of which the catechism alone is extant, and was found in the archives of the Society of Jesus at Rome by the Rev. Father William McSherry, S. J. Another and far more precious MS. was discovered at Rome by Father McSherry. This was Father White's Journal or Narrative, containing an account of the voyage and of the labors of the missionaries among the natives, and a description of the country and its inhabitants, addressed in Latin to the General of the Society. A copy of this invaluable MS. was made by Father McSherry from the original, and brought with him to Georgetown College, D. C., where it is preserved. A translation of the narrative was published by Peter Force, Esq., of Washington, in his collection of Historical Tracts, and has thrown much light on the path of the historians of Maryland and the Catholic missions.

The religious character of Father White is strikingly illustrated in every line of this interesting document. Every escape from danger, every favorable circumstance in the voyage, called forth from this holy man the most ardent and glowing expressions of gratitude and thanksgiving. The most tender piety and love towards God and his saints, particularly the ever Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mother, seemed to pervade every thought, word and action of his life. It was a beautiful custom among the early Marylanders, the night of the 31st of July following the festival of St. Ignatius, "their tutelar guardian and patron saint," to honor him with a salute of cannon, which was kept up during the entire night; a custom originating doubtless in the time of Father White, though continued for many years thereafter. Among the first immigrants were a number of Protestants,

and in the year 1638, their number was greatly increased by new accessions from the mother country. The zeal of our missionaries was directed towards these also with wonderful results, for it is related that nearly all of them were reconciled to the Church. The narrative of Father White contains interesting accounts of several very striking conversions among the Protestant colonists, accompanied with circumstances showing the difficulties the Fathers had to encounter, and their burning thirst for the conversion of souls. It came to the ears of Father White on one occasion, that two Catholics of Maryland had sold themselves into bondage in Virginia, and were in danger of losing the faith. Immediately he went to work, raised the required sum of money and ransomed those lost members of the fold, who returned to Maryland. How emulous were our missionaries of the conduct of the early Christians, who even sold themselves into slavery in order to redeem the Christian captives! This circumstance would also seem to prove an important fact in the history of the country, i. e. that slavery existed in Virginia before the introduction of the African. The narrative pays a high tribute to the piety, regularity in the reception of the sacraments and the general conduct and deportment of the Christians forming the congregation at St. Mary's, which, Father White writes, would compare favorably with the Catholic parishes in Europe.

Father White and his colleagues, Fathers Copley and Altham, were regularly summoned by writs to sit in the first colonial legislature of Maryland. Bancroft supposes what was doubtless the case, that this assembly was a purely popular body, to which all the freemen of the Province were summoned. Hence the missionaries were served with writs in common with the others. The State Records at Annapolis, after reciting the fact that writs were issued to Fathers White, Copley and Altham, state that in their names, "Robert Clerke, gent., appeared and made answer, that they desired to be excused from giving voices in this assembly, and was admitted." Thus these humble apostles preferred the work of their Divine Master to the honors and privileges of worldly position.

The Indians amongst whom Father White preached the gospel, though docile and willing to listen to his appeals, were yet closely wedded to their heathen worship and superstitions, which naturally opposed great obstacles to their conversion. Though they believed in the existence of God or the *Great Spirit*, their external worship was confined to lesser deities of their own creation. They offered propitiations to the god *Okee*, and worshipped corn and fire as divinities most friendly to man. Father White's narrative thus describes the ceremonies of their worship: "Some of our people relate that they have seen the ceremony in a temple at Barcluxen. On an appointed day all the men and women of all ages, from many villages, assembled around a great fire. Next to the fire stood the young people: behind them those more advanced in life. A piece of deer's fat being then thrown into the fire, and hands and voices being lifted towards heaven, they cried out, 'Taho! Taho!' Then they cleared a small space, and some one produced a large bag; in the bag were a pipe and a kind of powder, which they called *Potee*. Then the bag was carried around the fire, the boys and girls singing 'Taho! Taho!' After this the *Potee* was taken from the pouch and distributed to those standing around, each of whom smoked it successively, fumigating his body as if to sanctify it. I have not been able to learn more, except that they appear to have some knowledge of a flood, by which the world perished because of the sins of mankind."

During the first five or six years of Father White's labors in Maryland several Jesuit missionaries from Europe joined him. We find mentioned in various

places the names of Father Brock, Superior of the Jesuits in the Province, Father Philip Fisher, who arrived two or three years after Father White and became Superior after Father Brock's death, and Father Roger Rigby. Regular reports or letters to their Superiors in Europe were sent over by the Maryland missionaries, which together with the earnest and enthusiastic appeals of Father White to his brothers at Liege for reinforcements, kindled the greatest zeal in the breasts of many of the Jesuits on the continent. Great numbers of them entreated their Superior to send them to Maryland that they might carry the cross, the faith and the sacraments to those benighted sons of the forest. Several did come over and join the little missionary army of Father White. We have seen it stated on the authority of a MS., attributed to Archbishop Carroll, that Father White returned in person to Europe and brought back with him several of these zealous collaborators in the Lord's vineyard, amongst whom two were mentioned by the names of Fathers Harkey and Perret. The missions were thus rendered very flourishing and successful. The Fathers scattered themselves at considerable distances from each other in order to render their labors more efficient and extended. Claiborn, "the evil genius of Maryland," endeavored to destroy their influence among the natives by asserting that they were Spaniards and by circulating slanderous reports in regard to them; but we are told that the good Fathers remained undaunted at their posts and persevered with untiring zeal and cheerfulness to encounter every hardship and privation for the sake of Christ and souls.

The temporal benefits conferred upon the infant colony by Father White and his companions, by exploring the Indian country, discovering suitable sites for settlements, removing the native prejudices against the strangers, keeping the tribes at peace among themselves and with the Europeans, and disposing them to enter into friendly alliances with their new brothers, were incalculable, and were, without doubt, the chief causes of the quiet and prosperous condition of the province of Maryland for so many years.

Father White went to the town of Mattapany, Father Altham settled on Kent Island, and Father Fisher remained to officiate at St. Mary's. At Mattapany Father White accepted the invitation of Mackaquomen, the king of the tribes on the Patuxent, and becoming the king's guest, lodged in the royal wigwam, where every attention and respect was paid him. The queen emulated her lord in honoring the good and holy *black gown*, preparing his food always with her own hands. Father White converted several of the tribe, baptized a number of infants and others in danger of death, and was in a fair way to gain over to the faith the king and his family, when suddenly it appeared that Mackaquomen's mind had been poisoned and his manner became more reserved, less confiding. The Governor, Leonard Calvert, fearing lest in case of war, Father White might be seized and detained by the king as a hostage, recalled him in 1638 to St. Mary's. After the threatening clouds of war had passed away, Father White in June, 1639, visited Kittamaquindi, supposed to be the site of the present village of Piscataway, and the capital of the Piscataway tribe. The preachings of the missionary worked wonders among these noble and generous Indians. He frequently served them as physician of the body as well as the soul. Some of his cures were regarded with astonishment and awe by the natives, and added greatly to his influence over them. Shortly after his arrival among the Piscataways, their king or *tayac*, Chilomacoon, fell dangerously ill. After forty magicians or medicine men had exhausted all their remedies in vain, Father White asked and obtained permission to become the physician of the royal patient. The Father administered to the king, to use the words

of his own narrative, "a certain powder of known efficacy mixed with holy water, and took care the day after, by the assistance of the boy whom he had with him, to open one of his veins for letting blood." The sick man from that time grew better daily and was soon restored to his former health. He desired to be forthwith instructed in the Christian religion, began to dress with more modesty in imitation of the Christians, abandoned the horrid practice of polygamy contenting himself with one wife, and together with all his family in a public council of the chiefs and braves declared his resolution to abandon his former empty and revolting superstitions and to acknowledge and worship the only true and living God. Chilomaccon accompanied Father White in one of his visits to St. Mary's; his conduct there was edifying to the English Catholics themselves. What most deeply affected him was the conduct of an Indian who had been condemned to death for some public offence, and who received the faith with great humility and fervor just before his execution. Chilomaccon volunteered as interpreter to assist the Fathers in instructing the condemned neophyte, and was so impressed with the effects of religious consolations in the last moments of this unhappy Indian, that he earnestly entreated that he might himself be baptized upon the spot. A council of the colony advised unanimously that the *tayac's* baptism should be postponed till his return to his own people, when it might be performed with more splendor and ceremony, and with better effect on the minds of his family and subjects. The 5th of July, 1640, was appointed for this interesting ceremony. The Governor, his secretary, Father Altham, and all the principal men of the province, assembled to witness it. In their presence and that of the braves and warriors of the tribe, Father White baptized the king and gave him the Christian name of Charles, his wife received the sweet name of Mary, his son that of Robert, his principal counsellor that of John, and his infant daughter that of Ann, who afterwards grew up and was educated at St. Mary's, became proficient in the English language and was called the *young queen or empress of Piscataway*. On the evening of the same day king Charles and his queen Mary, as they were now called, were solemnly united by Father White in holy matrimony, and after the ceremony was performed, the Governor of the province, his secretary, and other officials, the king or *tayac* and his chiefs, bearing aloft a large cross, marched in solemn procession to the spot selected for the purpose, where the cross was planted in the soil and blessed by the Fathers, with whom the whole assembly united in singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. When the Governor represented to the king the great advantages that would be received by his people from an alliance with the English, the new convert's answer was at once sublime and devout: "I consider that but slight gain in comparison with the treasure received from the Fathers in the knowledge of the true God: which knowledge is now, and always shall be, the chief object of my wishes." The entire tribe gave promise of a speedy conversion to the faith, when suddenly, a disease prevalent in the climate seized upon Father White and Father Altham, who were removed to St. Mary's for proper care and attention. Father Altham fell a victim to his sufferings on the 5th of November, 1640, having preached the word of God in the forests with apostolic zeal and wonderful results, and while ardently desiring to return to the vineyard, yet resigned and cheerful in obeying the call of the Master of the vineyard. Father White, then far advanced in years, suffered extremely from the prevailing epidemic, fell into several relapses, and after returning to the field of his labors, again relapsed, and was near paying the forfeit of his life for his zeal. The labors, difficulties and privations which these early missionaries of Maryland suffered and sustained in their apostolic jour-

neys were very great. Father Brock, the superior, soon followed Father Altham to the grave; he died on the 5th of June, 1641, sinking under the heavy cares and hardships of the missionary life.

Father White continued his labors with redoubled zeal and activity, and with extraordinary results. In one of his excursions, which were generally by water, he was caught in the ice and compelled to remain. Availing himself of this opportunity he visited Potomac town and there established a mission. During a stay of two months among the Potomacs he converted their chief and many of his warriors, and three chiefs and many of the braves of the adjacent tribes. At Potomaco, the site of the present village of Port Tobacco, all the inhabitants were converted to the faith. The frequency of wars between the various tribes presented great obstacles to the advancement of the gospel. In consequence of Indian hostilities Father White was a second time recalled to St. Mary's. But he did not remain idle. He made frequent excursions up the Patuxent about the year 1642, and among the converts thus gained were the queen of Patuxent town and her mother.

In these excursions, which were performed in an open boat, the missionary was generally attended by an interpreter and a servant or lay-brother of the society. Two rowed while the third steered. They carried with them the altar-stone, vestments, wine and holy water; besides these a variety of articles both fanciful and useful as presents for the natives, some scanty provisions for themselves, and the necessary hunting and cooking utensils. Whenever they failed to reach an English settlement or Indian village before dark, they tied their canoe to the shore and spent the night in the woods, lying around a large fire, which was generally built by the Father, while his two companions went forth to hunt some game for their supper.

In his "narrative" Father White relates the circumstance of a wonderful cure of an Anacostan Indian, a Christian, who accidentally fell into an ambush of the Susquehannas, and fell pierced through with a spear. Father White found the heroic Anacostan weltering in his blood and sinking in death, still chanting, with more than Spartan valor, the death song of the forest. The wounded Indian with his friends joined the good Father in supplicating heaven, and humbly and devoutly made his confession in preparation for death. Having applied to his wound a relict of the Holy Cross, and given some directions for his funeral, Father White departed in his frail canoe to administer the last consolations of our holy religion to one of his catechumens then lying at the point of death. While returning the next day, as he supposed to perform the funeral service over the corpse of the Anacostan, he saw two Indians approaching him in a canoe, and as they approached, to his astonishment he recognized one of them to be the same Anacostan, who was now plying the oar with his wonted power. Jumping into the Father's boat the Indian threw off his blanket, and exhibited the scars of the healed wound of the day before. Father White called upon all who had witnessed the miraculous cure, to praise God for his merciful interposition, and used this circumstance powerfully to confirm the faith of the new converts and to bring others to the knowledge of the true God.

Father White's missions were in a flourishing condition, when suddenly in 1644 the cry of war and rebellion scattered the fond hopes of this zealous friend of God. Claiborn and Ingle having raised the standard of insurrection and invaded the province, Father White and the other missionaries were seized by a band of ruthless soldiers, subjected to most cruel imprisonment, and sent in irons

to England to be prosecuted as "popish priests and Jesuits." The sufferings he endured in his London prison were exceedingly great. Though worn out in health by the sufferings and hardships of ten years of missionary life along the banks of the Patuxent and the Potomac, and borne down by old age and imprisonment, Father White never relaxed his usual austerities and penitential observances. Twice a week he fasted on bread and water, as he had been accustomed to do for many years. The keeper of his prison was greatly surprised at his austere course of life, and one day said to him, "What! at your age, almost eighty, wasted by fatigues and hardships, you do not relax your fastings on bread and water! If you continue in that manner you will not be strong enough to stand up under the gallows at Tyburn." The holy man replied, "You must know that my fastings give me strength to bear all kinds of suffering for the love of Jesus Christ." So reduced was Father White by his imprisonment and fasting, that he appeared to his gaoler to be eighty years old, when in fact he was but about sixty-nine. He was finally banished from his native country. Again turning his paternal eyes towards his dear children in America, he earnestly petitioned his superior to permit him to return to Maryland. Some of his companions succeeded in getting back to St. Mary's after the suppression of the Claiborn rebellion and the restoration of the proprietary government of Lord Baltimore, but this happiness was never enjoyed by Father White. Unable to resume his apostolic labors among his beloved Piscataways, he next turned his attention again to his own countrymen, and after a few months of exile this intrepid soldier of the cross ventured to return in the face of the penal laws of the land, to England, under an assumed name, as is supposed. The secrecy which he and his friends were compelled to observe, has deprived us of all account of his labors in England, which lasted however about ten years. He was so infirm towards the end of his life that he could scarcely walk, and his death was daily expected. But Father White foresaw and foretold the day and hour of his death. He used to say, "my time is not yet come, my time shall be on the feast of St. John the Evangelist." Accordingly on that festival, being the 27th of December, 1656, O. S., corresponding to the 6th of January, 1657, N. S., though feeling no worse than usual he insisted on receiving the last sacraments in the morning, and about sun-set of the same day he breathed his last at London in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

It would be difficult to find in history a character more pure or more beautiful than that of Father Andrew White. Religion alone can show such results as this; by birth a man, by grace and faith and love an angel. With his profound learning he united the simplicity of a child. His greatest happiness was to commune with the untutored children of the forest. His life, though varied, active and laborious, was as devout and austere as an anchorite. He was a true disciple of a Loyola, a worthy brother of a Xavier. One inspiration filled his whole soul and guided all his actions, "To the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls."

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IS MR. PRESCOTT AN HISTORIAN?

This is a strange question to ask, when England and our own country are ringing with the praises of this distinguished writer. Of the graphic character of his style, possessed of every note that can give fame, there can be no doubt, and it would be consummate folly to hint even at a denial of those qualities, which belong to a classical author, and which will no doubt make his works to be read with pleasure even by those, who do not admit the truthfulness of the conclusions at which he arrives. But with all our admiration for the beauties of his style, and none can have a greater, we may still be allowed to think that he does not possess or at least does not show himself to possess the characteristics of an historian. And in this judgment deliberately formed from a careful perusal of his works, the last with which he has honored the public has more than ever confirmed us. The *history* of the reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, is in our humble opinion a misnomer.

History, says a celebrated modern critic, is a faithful narrative of past events: or as the Roman orator expresses it in his own eloquent way: "Who is ignorant that the first law of history is not to dare say any thing false; the second, not to fear to say all that is true: that there may be no suspicion of favor or hatred in writing? These fundamental laws are known to every one." De Orat. II, 15. In another place he gives utterance to that well-known sentiment, which has now almost become proverbial: "History is the witness of times, the light of truth, the life of memory, the instructress of life, the messenger of antiquity." Ibid. The essential character therefore of history is fidelity, truthfulness. The historian does not, ought not, write for the amusement of his readers, this belongs to the romancer or the novelist, nor to convince them of the probability or possibility of his preconceived systems, this is the part of a philosopher or theorist. The whole duty, the only duty of the historian is to be truthful and impartial, not daring to distort the incidents nor thinking that he is more acquainted with the secret motives of his heroes than those incidents in their first and obvious bearing can warrant. Beauty of description, an order that shines, while it interests, are indeed important for the good writer, but for the historian they are matters of minor importance and are never to usurp the place, which belongs of right to truth. According to Polybius, if a work fails in this, it cannot be called a history.

It is very true that in the events, which the historian feels himself called upon to relate, there are found mixed up certain parties, who are most interested, as all parties are, in presenting their own claims to posterity in the most favorable light. From such parties, who are biased for their own acquittal from the wrongs that have been the consequences of their actions, the historian must keep aloof. He should be no partizan: he must be a judge, whose spotless ermine must be unstained by the dust of faction, and whose integrity must be proof against the bribe of popularity with the advocates of either of the contending parties, who are brought to the bar of his court.

Is Mr. Prescott such a judge? His last work will help us to decide. The witnesses, whom he has questioned for their testimony of the interesting period, which he had selected for the exercise of his talents, are almost without exception enemies to those against whom they are made to bear testimony, and those who are friends, are cited only where their words concurring with the sentiments of their adversaries, tend to give a value to the authority of these latter, which they do not of themselves possess. Thus in speaking of Mary of England, his

authorities are Burnet, Strype, Fox and Holinshed, who would be from the very nature of their connexions averse to grant any quarter to her, who so strenuously opposed the progress of their opinions during her reign, while the favorable documentary evidence, which Andrews and Cobbett had published, which no one has yet dared to answer and which prove his authorities unreliable are either ignored, as if they had no existence, or distorted in so uncandid a manner as to leave no favorable impression of the judge's charge, when he shall proceed to the summing up of the cause. This is "the dark cloud that hung over her reign" and is a more obvious way of accounting for Mary's unpopularity, than the spirit of persecution, of which she is unjustly accused.

Again, in all that relates to the Inquisition, that terrible bugbear of Protestant minds, his authority is Llorente, the destroyer of the records of the Holy Office, whose secretary he was, whose testimony should have been suspected from this very circumstance, even if no exception were made to it on account of his connexion with Joseph Bonaparte in his short-lived reign over the Spanish dominions. Then Puigblanch and the writers of the Orange party and the Protestant league in the Netherlands are made to parade their hostile and calumnious tirades against this "raw head and bloody bones," which they cast in the van of their insidious attacks against the civil as well as religious prosperity of their countrymen. Yet Mr. Prescott had no doubt heard of Balmes, whom he cites only to ridicule, and must in his extensive correspondence with the learned of Europe have heard of Mahul and Lanjuinais, editors of the *Revue Encyclopedique* of Paris, who did not consider their friend and colleague Llorente very worthy of credit, and of the learned and accurate Hefele, who judging Llorente from his own mouth, fixed an indelible stigma on his character as an historian, and in "the life of Cardinal Ximenes and the Ecclesiastical condition of Spain, from the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries," gave a most triumphant refutation of all that the bitterest enemies of the Inquisition could bring against its character. This reliance upon Llorente to uphold his condemnation of that institution is the more wonderful, when we consider that in the cause of Don Carlos, Mr. Prescott thus speaks of the quondam secretary's claims to confidence. "His omission to do this (viz. to acquaint his readers with the names or some particulars of the characters in that tragedy), may lead us to infer that he had not perfect confidence in it himself. At all events, it compels us to trust the matter entirely to his own discretion, a virtue, which those familiar with his inaccuracies in other matters will not be disposed to concede to him in a very eminent degree." (vol. ii, p. 572). The meaning of this is, that M. Prescott rests his own character for integrity and fair-dealing upon a witness, whose discretion is no ways reliable and whose inaccuracies are so great in other matters, that he cannot be trusted. M. Prescott sometimes hears his Bible read to him: did he ever hear the words: "Every beast loveth its like: so also every man that is nearest to himself?" Eccl. xiii, 19. Even the infidel Gibbon might have told him, that "we must not calumniate even Satan or the holy office:" (Decline and Fall, c. 54); yet in defiance of his own better information, for we know that he is better informed, he has continued to pander to the same juggernaut of prejudice, which made of his other works one-sided, although eloquent, caricatures of history.

Of a piece with this is his continual reference to Meteren, whom his countryman and co-religionist Reidanus (in præf. ad. Annal.) censures for his "calumnies, flatteries and dissimulation," and whom M. Prescott calls "respectable authority." (vol. ii, p. 163).

DeThou and Sismondi, M'Crie and Brandt, learned men indeed but enemies of that worst kind, that religious and national prejudices engender, are called in to swell up the ranks of his witnesses against Philip and his ministers. If these make a Nero of Philip, as De Thou and Meteren endeavor in citing that foolish document (vol. ii, p. 219), by which he was said to have condemned almost the whole nation to death for their treasonable practices, M. Prescott should have hesitated to admit the forgery or at least have opened his eyes to the worthlessness of their testimony. But in this as well as in the still more evident forgery of Alava's letter (vol. ii, p. 85), we have another proof how prejudice against the Catholic religion can swallow the most improbable stories. Of Brandt he might have recollected his own observation on much less important topics, vouched for by the Catholic Bentivoglio in his war of Flanders. "The Italian historian, he says, affects a degree of familiarity with the proceedings of this secret conclave (he is speaking of the conference in which the confederates debate the propriety of meeting force by force), by no means calculated to secure our confidence." Yet without a remark on the improbability of the information he can bear with Brandt's augur-eyed piercing through the thick walls of the prisons and describing the most secret tortures of the inquisition with a particularity, that even an eye-witness might envy. But "circumstances alter cases." In view of all this we may without injustice apply to him, what a French critic wrote of Voltaire, whose character M. Prescott regards so much that he scruples not to follow his example. "The feeling of humanity ill-directed by an inexact and shallow criticism constantly degenerates into tolerably good declamations, which avail nothing for history, where passion and feeling must give place to intelligence." (Cousin Hist. de la Phil. II. lec). What else could we Catholics expect from such partiality but insulting epithets and injurious insinuations? When our own witnesses are not admitted to testify, at least in defence, and their rebutting evidence is rejected or ignored, we need look for no justice at M. Prescott's tribunal. The good old maxim of the common law, handed down as an heir-loom of liberty by our fathers, that "every man is to be supposed innocent until he be proved guilty," is to be reversed with us: our innocence is to be proved, our very name is sufficient evidence of guilt. And if we venture on the proof and the argument is too convincing, we are silenced by the "orthodox maxim: no faith is to be kept with heretics." (vol. ii, p. 49). Does not such conduct prove that he is himself more amenable to the imputation of bigotry and fanaticism than those he has so frequently condemned for those vices.

It is in consequence of this bigotry that he can see nothing in Philip's words or conduct sincere, while every thing in William of Orange is manly and open, when required. Yet of William he writes that he maintained spies at Madrid and Paris so many and so watchful that "not a word in public or private dropped from the king's mouth without its being faithfully transmitted to his ears," and he could descend to a mean double-dealing, as he did with the elector of Saxony and Philip before his marriage with the daughter of the former, and in a more conspicuous manner when under cover of a banquet he held a meeting of the discontented nobles in his own house and discussed with them the terms of a petition, which was to be presented to the regent, and in the council in which that petition was presented, by a contemptible quibble unworthy of an honorable man, treated as a calumny the report that he was the head of the confederacy. But any thing unfavorable to William of Orange, is like the *Memoires de Granvelle*, "a doubtful authority:" even William's own words, we suppose, must fall under the same

category. And what are his proofs of Philip's insincerity? Besides the authorities, of which we have already spoken, and on which he does not seem always to rely himself (vol. ii, p. 45, note), Philip's tardiness in answering the letters of the regent and in fulfilling the promises long held out of visiting the country in person, and some letters, in which he recommends and enforces secrecy with regard to the manner of his proceeding, are all. We do not consider Philip faultless, far from it; but we think that if M. Prescott would weigh both these persons in the same balance, a far heavier account of duplicity and insincerity should be allotted to the Prince of Orange, whom he always excuses, than to the king of Spain, for whom it pains him to utter even a single good word. Witness how in defiance even of the testimonies he alleges, he would insinuate that Philip was eager to break the conditions of his marriage contract with Mary. (vol. i, pp. 136 & 139). M. Prescott certainly knows that "diverse weights and diverse measures, are both abominable before God." (Prov. xx, 10.)

And this brings us to another authority on which he pretends to rely with the greatest confidence. The accounts given by the Venetian ambassadors to their government are regarded by German scholars as not much better than mere gossip. Yet even these he can slur over and condemn, whenever they do not fall in with his notions. The example we have just given is one instance of his reliance upon their testimony, and we could easily multiply them, if it were necessary.

Among his good authorities the work of M. Gachard, entitled "the inedited documents found in the archives of Simancas" and "the correspondence of William the Silent," edited by M. Groen Van Prinsterin, stand preëminent, yet of these M. Prescott seems to select only what will give a better foundation to the prejudices he has allowed to sway his mind with regard to every thing Catholic. This is evident from the fact, which M. Prescott acknowledges, that these two gentlemen, whose national feelings must have made them sharp-sighted against Philip, are his warm defenders, even so far as to excite M. Prescott's wonder. It is hardly possible that having studied the matter thoroughly in the original documents, they should be less worthy of belief than one who has shown himself, by the selection of his other authorities, so much overcome by fanaticism as to render his assertions suspected, when he tells the truth. As we have not these works by us to verify his conclusions, we cannot of course speak absolutely, but the man who can so easily read insincerity in all that another does and says, shows that he himself is not too orthodox on that very point. Whatever be our conclusion in the case, this one thing is certain, that the judge has shown a most blameworthy partiality, and has not therefore fulfilled with integrity and fair dealing the task he had assumed.

For one thing however we must thank M. Prescott. No one who reads his work can help seeing realized the observation of the philosophic Sallust, when speaking of Cataline's first attempts to revolutionize Rome. "For in a commonwealth," says that judicious writer, "those who have no resources envy the fortunate, extol the miserable: hate what is old and are desirous of novelty: through hatred for their own condition, they strive for change: feed themselves on turbulence and sedition with care, for poverty is easily possessed without loss." We need only refer to the chapter, which announces the opening of the Confederation and their own choice of a name for their party. It would be indeed unfair to say that all the members of the Confederation were such, but as in every conspiracy against the good order and prosperity of existing governments some

plausible pretext is always thrown out, by which the ulterior movements of the conspirators are disguised, and which serves to blind the weak-minded among the good and true, so was it here. They who were inveigled into the "commission," did not however continue to sacrifice to the rebellious spirit of their confederates, but as soon as they became aware of the iniquitous designs of the party, returned to their allegiance to their God and their king. Even the glorious deaths of Egmont and Hoorne wear quite a different aspect to the Catholic and Protestant. The victims of misguided fanaticism, whom the latter canonize as martyrs, exhibit no spectacle, that can be compared with the Christian resignation and calm, heavenly spirit with which those two unfortunate princes met their fate. And although we may not be inclined to think very favorably of Philip and Alva in this business, their conduct after the execution to the wives and the children of the victims tends very much to dissipate the idea of cruelty, which attaches to that deed and stands out in beautiful and honorable contrast to the wanton cruelty that disgraced the so-called virgin queen of England at the very same period.

Sometimes we are inclined to pity M. Prescott's infirmity, by being painfully reminded of it in the ridiculous blunders which escape his pen. Thus he speaks of the friar Carranza, the Dominican, as "the black friar, a name peculiarly appropriate, as it applied not less to his swarthy complexion than to the garb of his order," (vol. i, p. 438), a peculiarly significant mark of his distorted mental vision, so much inclined to view every thing Catholic, even the white serge habit of the Dominican, in a dark and even a black hue. But this is a misfortune, we suppose, to which all great minds are more or less subject, another exemplification of the Latin proverb: "*leo non capit muscas*," which for our unlearned readers we translate liberally: great men do not stoop to trifles. They are only moles in the sun-beam.

Sometimes also there escape from M. Prescott remarks, which as forced acknowledgements of the truth, are very valuable even for a refutation of his own sentiments. Of such a nature is the confession made on p. 466, of the 1st vol. "Madrid was ornamented with bridges, aqueducts, hospitals, the museum, the armory,—stately structures, which even now challenge our admiration, not less by the excellence of their designs than by the richness of their collections and the enlightened taste, which they infer at this early period." And a little before, "every thing," he says, "was built for duration. Instead of flimsy houses that might serve for a temporary residence, the streets were lined with strong and substantial edifices." Ib. Yet he could write on p. 448 of the same volume these words: "The effect (of Catholic influence in Spain) was visible in every department of science—not in the speculative alone, but in the physical and practical: in the declamatory rant of its theology and ethics, in the childish and chimerical schemes of its political economists." Shade of Don Quixote! M. Prescott must really be making a parade of his ignorance, or desirous of testing the credulity of his readers to a point no other historian would have attempted in this our time, when Spanish literature is so well known. We are unwilling to believe this latter, for it would be a piece of bigotry and fanaticism we could not for a moment suspect in a man of his attainments. We must then suppose that he did not know any of the authors, whom he has condemned in so wholesale a manner, and trusted too implicitly to the good faith of those, who had led him so far astray on other points. Had he read or examined even in the slightest degree their writings, he would have found that even his own lucid and beautiful style would not have surpassed their literary excellence, while the closeness of reasoning made their

theologies, philosophies, law and politics, models to be imitated but not surpassed by our modern scholars, and such as no philosophers of ancient times ever equalled. Rant indeed! It is a new, unheard of accusation against the learned of that period, who have always until this time been accused of quite the reverse. It would not be difficult however to find whence the idea of "ranting declamation" entered his mind, if one could run over the pages of those authors, to whom he yields so much credit. Surely the age that could boast of an Arias Montanus, an Anthony of Lebrixa in Sacred Scripture; of a Thomas of Villanova, a Cajetan, a Vives, a Cano, a Toletus, a Soto in Theology and Philosophy; of a Covarruvias, an Anthony of Lerida, an Azpilcueta in canon and civil law; of a Peter of Alcantara, a John of Avila, a Lewis of Granada in moral and ascetic science; of a John of St. Mary, a Marquez in political science; of a Mariana, an Acosta in history, physics and general literature, and of a host of others, whose fame as masters in every science is yet undiminished, does not show any very evil effects from Catholic influence. All these flourished under Philip II and his immediate successor: the succeeding reigns were even more adorned with men famous in every class of literature and science. "It is indeed a melancholy fact that the earliest efforts of the Reformers were every where directed against those monuments of genius, which had been created and cherished by the generous patronage of Catholicism," (vol. ii, p. 64); and that M. Prescott should strive to emulate these destroying barbarians by ruining the mental structures, which they could not reach, is not less deserving of our pity, than it provokes our wonder. If this be what he calls "breaking the fetters of the intellect and opening a free range in those domains of science, to which all access had been hitherto denied," (Ibid); the human family had better been forever bound. We might almost suppose that he is exceedingly sorry to have attained so great a celebrity and would much have preferred to be without the glory, which "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Hernando Cortes" and now "Philip II," have hung around his name.

We would not however have it supposed that we are willing to defend Philip II, Alva, the Inquisition in every thing. We do not consider them immaculate, nor would we in all things propose them as models. Like all things of this earth, their good qualities are mixed up with bad, and according to our manner of thinking we see in them many blemishes, which no just man could praise or excuse. One is too stern and implacable, the other too haughty and reserved and even cold-blooded, if you choose, for our tastes. But let them have fair-dealing and the full benefit of every doubt in their favor, as the law allows to all accused, and we are not afraid to assert, that they will not lose in comparison with other monarchs, who enjoy such undiminished popularity among Protestant writers.

But we have said enough, more perhaps than we ought. All that we have written of M. Prescott may be reduced to this syllogism. The historian should be truthful, impartial, without favor or hatred: but M. Prescott is wanting in all these qualities: he does not therefore deserve the title of historian. The major is an axiom in literary criticism: our remarks, we think, have set the minor beyond the power of cavil, and leave to M. Prescott only the barren and empty title of a beautiful writer.

OUR CONVENTS.—V.

THE URSULINES.—Continued.

THE ancient house of New Orleans has not been a fruitless mother: other monasteries of the order of St. Ursula have been founded by its instrumentality, and are to some extent filiations of the monastery which rose on the bank of the river of the Immaculate Conception.

We have already seen how the large and prosperous community of Ursulines at Havana in the Island of Cuba, was formed by some members of the house at New Orleans; it is scarcely a filiation, but more properly a division of that monastery.*

When the Rt. Rev. John Mary Odin was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Texas in 1842, he soon felt the want of a religious female community to educate the young, and in 1846 applied to the Ursulines of New Orleans for a colony of their order, and purchased for their use a mansion in Galveston, formerly occupied by Col. J. Love. The daughters of St. Angela cheerfully consented to aid him, and on the 16th of January, 1847, five professed sisters and three novices set out for their new house, Mother St. Arsène being the superior. † These were soon unequal to the labors of the new field, and like the bishop of New Orleans, the Vicar Apostolic of Texas turned his eyes to Quebec for aid, and in 1849 he appealed to that ancient house for some nuns to form and sustain his new convent: two were granted to his entreaties, Sisters Victoria White, of St. Jane Chantal, and Catharine Barber, of St. Thomas, both Americans, the latter a daughter of the celebrated convert. ‡ In 1852 the same prelate, now bishop of Galveston, erected a convenient building at San Antonio for a new convent of this order, and in the following year, a colony from New Orleans, with two nuns from the house in Waterford, Ireland, numbering in all nine professed sisters, two novices and two postulants, established this third convent of St. Ursula. §

We must next relate briefly the origin of the Irish Ursulines, several filiations of whose house at Cork have existed here.

Miss Nano Nagle, born of a highly respectable family at Ballygriffin, on the banks of the Blackwater, was converted from a fashionable life at Paris in 1750, by beholding some poor people waiting at a church door for mass, one morning as she returned from a party. In the compunction of the moment she formed the resolution of retiring from the world and devoting herself to the instruction of the poor. She soon after returned to Ireland and carried her resolution into effect: but yearning for the religious state, she proceeded to Paris to consult enlightened direc-

* The nineteen Ursulines who left New Orleans, reached Havana on the 23d of June, 1803, and were most cordially welcomed by the Rt. Rev. Juan José Diaz de Espadaí Landa, then Bishop of Havana. Of the number, the Superior, Mother Antonia de Sta. Maria Ramos, the assistant, three choir sisters and four lay sisters, were natives of Havana, or its vicinity. As no residence had been prepared, they and their companions were on their arrival distributed for a time in the three convents of the city, and remained there until the 4th of April, 1804, when with due solemnity, they entered their present convent. I am indebted for this information to a communication from the Prioress, obtained by Miss Concepcion Ramirez, of Havana.

† U. S. Catholic Magazine, v. vi, 165—Catholic Almanac, 1847, p. 91; 1848, p. 119.

‡ H. de Courcy. Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada, 29.

§ U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1851, p. 185; 1853, p. 136; Letter of Mother Mary Joseph Ursula Quirk.

tors. As they however judged her vocation to be to labor for the poor in Ireland, she returned, and in 1763 she opened a school in Dublin. Succeeding beyond her expectation, she sought to give permanence to her work by forming a religious community for the purpose, and her confessor, Father Doran, of the Society of Jesus, having suggested the Ursuline order, her nephew, the Rev. Francis Moylan, brother of the friend of Washington, proceeded to Paris, and induced the Ursulines of St. Jacques at Paris, to receive and train up a few Irish novices. Four friends of Miss Nagle, Sisters Angela Fitzsimmons, Augustine Coppinger, Joseph Nagle and Ursula Kavanagh, accordingly entered there on the 5th of September, 1769. Two years later these ladies, guided by Mother Margaret Kelly, an Ursuline of Dieppe, for no professed at Paris would volunteer to undertake the organization of the new house, proceeded to Cork, and on the 18th of September, 1771, took possession of their convent, and being joined by Miss Louisa Moylan and Miss Lawless, laid the foundation of the Ursuline order in Ireland. A bull of Pope Clement XIV, dated January 13th, 1773, permitted the first twelve novices to make their profession at the end of one year; and Sisters Angela, Joseph, and Ursula made their profession on the 26th of April, 1774, and Sister Augustine on the ensuing year.

The new community thus organized was joined by Miss Nagle and assumed the direction of her schools; but as she found that they aimed rather at instructing the rich than the poor, and as indeed their being cloistered defeated her primary object, she retired from the convent and eventually founded the Presentation Order, which seven years after her holy death on the 26th of April, 1784, was approved by the Holy See. This order, like that of St. Angela, has since assumed the cloister, but Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity accomplish her favorite work on Irish soil.

The Ursuline Convent at Cork, thus due to the piety of Miss Nagle, has since been removed to Blackrock, a short distance from the city, and is noted wherever our language is spoken for the service it has rendered religion in furnishing the Catholic public with books of devotion and the young with suitable class books.* Their example has not been lost: this Convent too has been fruitful and has filiations at Waterford, Thurles and Sligo in Ireland, and at Demerara in South America. Colonies of Irish Ursulines have had houses in our republic, at New York, Charlestown and Charleston, and of these we are now to speak, although God in his inscrutable designs loaded them all with trials under which they finally sank.

Early in the present century Father Anthony Kohlmann, a most holy and learned member of the Society of Jesus, was sent by Archbishop Carroll as Vicar General to New York. There he restored religion: renewed the piety of the faithful, and in every way sought to advance the cause of God. Having founded a college for boys, where the members of his society, under the direction of Father Benedict Fenwick, trained them in science and piety, he resolved to procure members of some religious order of women to open an academy for girls. The foundations of Miss Nagle were not unknown to him, and he wrote to Father Betagh in London to obtain for him if possible some Ursuline nuns to begin a house at New York, intending subsequently to send for some of the Presentation nuns to conduct the poor schools and open an Orphan Asylum. The Ursulines of Cork

* Dublin Review for December, 1843. "The Ursuline and Presentation Orders—Miss Nano Nagle," p. 363. Memoir of Sister Mary Joseph Regis. Dublin, 1855.—Works of Bishop England.

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did not shrink from the perils of crossing the Atlantic, and in 1812 three choir religious, Sisters Mary Anne (Christina Fagan), Sister Mary Frances de Chantal (Sarah Walsh), and Sister Mary Paul (Mary Baldwin), sailed from Cork in the vessel of a Catholic captain, of New York, and on the 7th of April, arrived at that city. They were joyfully welcomed by Father Kohlmann and by the Catholics generally, and opening a school, were incorporated by the legislature of the State. Being ladies of talent, full of the spirit of their institute and polished in their manners, they soon won the general esteem, and had a large number of pupils. No postulants however joined them, and as it had been a condition that their stay should last only three years, unless joined by ladies of the country, they finally closed their house, and to the great regret of the Catholics returned to Ireland.*

The celebrated house at Charlestown, Massachusetts, of which the blackened ruins still stand a monument of New England fanaticism, is connected in no slight degree with the houses in Ireland, inasmuch as its heroic foundresses were pupils of the Ursulines of Thurles, and as their sister and nieces are members of the Ursuline community at Sligo. It was, however, in fact a distinct foundation in the United States, like the Visitation and Sisters of Charity, and Mary Catharine and Margaret Ryan, with their angelic cousin and martyr niece, must ever be enshrined in the memory of American Catholics with Anne Lalor and Mother Seton. Strange were the events which led to its foundation.

Soon after the American Revolution, the Rev. John Thayer, of Boston—who had gone to Rome a Presbyterian clergyman, but converted there by the miracles operated at the bier of the Venerable Benedict Labre, had returned to his native city a Catholic priest—formed the design of establishing a community of religious women in the United States. With all his zeal, piety and devotedness, he did not escape the censure of his companions in the ministry, and although employed for a time at Boston, Albany, and in Kentucky, was soon left without a mission, Bishop Carroll declining to give him a pastorship. He now resolved to carry out his great object of founding a convent, and set out in 1803 for Europe to solicit the aid of the faithful; so new was the plan at that time that it merely drew ridicule upon him from his former opponents, but he persevered and not without success. He at last about 1811 took up his residence permanently at Limerick, and by his zealous labors effected a remarkable change in the fervor and piety of the people. In order to lead them more effectually to God he endeavored to make himself all to all, and formed a kind friendship and social intercourse with several families, whose children he enlightened with higher views of piety, leading them to the practice of meditation and frequent communion.†

In no house was he more cordially received than in that of Mr. James Ryan, whose two sons and five daughters were his most piously disposed penitents. In his visits to this family he frequently spoke of his conversion, of his labors in

* The act was passed March 25th, 1814. New York Revised Laws. Bayley's Brief Sketch of the Catholic Church in New York, p. 64. For some details as to it, I am indebted to Mrs. Dixey, a pupil of the Institution. Catholic Almanac for 1856, p. 48.—Letter of Rev. Mr. Fenwick.

† For Mr. Thayer, see Mr. Nagot's account in "Tableau general des principales conversions." Thayer's own account and his controversy with Lesslie; Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky. From letters preserved in the papers of Bishop Bruté, it is evident that the companions of Mr. Thayer condemned only "his intemperance of speech," his life was irreproachable, and in London and in Limerick he was revered as an apostle.

Boston, of his darling wish to found an Ursuline Convent there, and of the refusal of the house in Cork to undertake another American mission.

Moved with his description of the spiritual wants of New England, two daughters of Mr. Ryan, Mary and Catharine, unknown to each other, offered Mr. Thayer to go and join his convent. Both were fitted by nature and grace for the task, and had all the advantages of a high and liberal education at the Ursuline Convent in Thurles.

After long and assiduous prayer, and offering again and again the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Rev. Mr. Thayer wrote to Bishop Cheverus of Boston, enclosing the letters of the two sisters, and the Rev. Richard Walsh also wrote, earnestly recommending them as fit subjects to begin the new monastery. Bishop Cheverus and his inseparable friend and companion, Dr. Matignon, warmly accepted the offer and desired them to come without delay, promising to make arrangements for their arrival and for their performing their novitiate at the house of Three Rivers in Canada. Great was the joy of the two sisters at this announcement, each being in raptures to see that the other was to accompany her. Nor was the joy of the Rev. Mr. Thayer less; he immediately began to prepare for their voyage, but early in 1815 his health began to give way, and he expired on the 5th of February in Mr. Ryan's house, tended in his last moments by his devoted daughters in Christ. This delayed their project for a time, but in the following year they were about to sail with the blessing of their father, who ceased not to bless God that his daughters had been chosen for so great a work, when he too was called by God to receive the reward of his well spent life. At last on the 4th of May, 1817, Misses Mary and Catharine Ryan sailed from Limerick in the ship Victory for Boston, which they reached safely. Bishop Cheverus more than realized their most sanguine expectations: no father ever welcomed children with more paternal affection. Doctor Matignon at once proceeded with them to the Ursuline Convent in Three Rivers, where they began their novitiate, assuming the religious names of Sister Mary Joseph and Sister Mary Magdalen. At the expiration of their noviceship, Dr. Matignon in 1818 went to Three Rivers and escorted them to the convent, which the bishop had prepared near his cathedral. Here Sister Mary Joseph was appointed superior and organized the little community. The convent being thus founded, their younger sister Margaret, who had already asked to join her sisters, set out to join them, accompanied by her cousin, Catharine Molineux, a young and pious widow. These sailed first to Quebec, and after spending a week there at the Ursuline Convent, proceeded to Boston in September, 1818. The establishment of a convent in New England at first excited some discussion in the public papers, which protested against any such institution, but Bishop Cheverus by an exposition of its objects calmed the public mind.*.

The community thus augmented by the arrival of Sister Mary Augustine and Sister Mary Angela, for so they are known in the annals of their order, received accessions in the country, the two first American professed being Sister Mary St.

* Hamon's Life of Cardinal Cheverus, translated by Walsh, p. 109. This elegant writer errs in saying that Bishop Cheverus applied to a convent of Ursulines and obtained a colony from them, and also errs in ascribing the raising of the funds to the excellent Cheverus. That the latter is due to Mr. Thayer is proved by the letters published in the Boston Catholic Observer, and afterwards in the United States Catholic Magazine, as well as by the letters of Mother Mary Joseph Ursula Quirk, which give a full account of the rise of the convents.

John (Elizabeth Harrison), and Sister Mary Frances (Catharine Wiseman).* In 1822 the community consisted of a prioress, and six sisters with two novices,† and their school was productive of great good.

The cross, the infallible badge of the elect, now appeared: but it was welcomed by the loving hearts that glowed with holy zeal to become victims of love to him who had immolated himself for them. The gentle Sister Mary Angela was attacked by a pulmonary disorder, and sank under it in 1823: in April, 1825, Sister Mary Magdalen gave evident symptoms of rapid decline, and while she was lingering on the verge of the grave the superior, Mother Mary Joseph, was similarly attacked, and perceiving that her earthly career was about to close, wrote earnestly to Quebec to implore the sisters there to send one of their community to succeed her. Mother Mary Edmond St. George (Mary Ursula Moffat) was chosen as superior and proceeded to Boston, but before she arrived the two devoted sisters in birth and religion had accomplished their earthly career and passed to the abode of peace, the holy founders of the convent of Boston. A few days after the death of Mother Mary Joseph, Mother Mary Edmond arrived in April, 1824,‡ and made use of every means to alleviate and soothe the affliction and bereavement of the suffering community, particularly of Sister Mary Augustine, the only survivor of the three heroic sisters.

The house in Boston was evidently too confined, and in 1826 the Ursulines removed to Charlestown, where suitable grounds had been purchased, and a beautiful convent having been erected, to which the name of Mount Benedict was given. They entered it in the year 1827, under the direction of the able superior. The academy soon acquired an extended reputation, and pupils came from all parts of New England, and even from the southern states and British provinces; while ladies joined the community in numbers sufficient to give every hope of its permanence.

In 1831, however, they charitably received a young woman of a silly, romantic turn, who soon left them, and began by insidious tales and mysterious hints to excite suspicion as to the convent, especially hinting that one of the nuns had died of ill treatment. These reports repeated and exaggerated, poisoned the public mind, and one of the Sisters laboring under an alienation of mind having run out of the house, a newspaper article charged the nuns with having murdered her. A considerable excitement took place, and a body of men who had already plotted the destruction of the convent, seized this opportunity to accomplish their diabolical design. A clergyman whose family have since been most noted in the literary world, especially for exciting works, fanned the flame by delivering no less than three anti-popery sermons in one day, and another conspirator, one of the selectmen of Charlestown, after officially visiting the convent with others, withheld the report, which would have defeated the plan of the conspirators.

Accordingly on the 11th of August, 1834, a mob proceeded to the convent, accompanied by the selectmen. Tar barrels were lighted as signals, no police were present, the crowd increased, shouts were uttered, accompanied with the most horrid blasphemies and imprecations. The superior in vain endeavored to calm them, the doors and windows were soon broken in by stones and other missiles, and the mob rushing in began the work of destruction. The nuns and their

* Letter from the Ursulines of Quebec, to H. de Courcy, Esq.

† Laity's Directory for 1822.

‡ Answer to Six Months in a Convent, p. 6.

pupils fled, having barely time to dress, and leaving all at the mercy of the citizens of enlightened New England! In a few moments all was in a blaze, the valuables and money were carried off, the chapel violated, the vestments torn to shreds, the bible burnt in mockery, the plate carried off, and one wretch taking the sacred species from the tabernacle, went off vomiting his blasphemous boasts till struck with the divine vengeance he became suddenly a maniac, and seemed a victim to devouring flames. To escape the agony he suffered, he seized a razor and cut his throat from ear to ear. The plunder of the convent did not however satisfy the ruffians, they broke open the tomb of the deceased nuns, and finding nothing, left the uncoffined bodies exposed!

Trials followed: but as in self defence the bigots now aroused all bigotry against the Catholics, the chief rioters were acquitted amid the cheers of the people.

As soon as quiet was restored, the Ursulines, who had taken refuge with the Sisters of Charity, retired to Brinley Place, Roxbury, where they resumed their community life. One of the devoted nuns, Sister St. Henry (Catharine Quirk), whose life was ebbing slowly away, her feeble health having been ruined by her exposure on that fearful night, could not bear to be separated from her sisters, and she was actually borne in their arms to her new home. Thence it was her consolation to turn her eyes towards Mount Benedict, that happy abode of her choice, and on the 18th of October, 1834, this angelic niece of Mary, Catharine and Margaret Ryan, calmly expired praying for the deluded men who had caused her death.*

To justify the whole transaction, a committee, whom shame induced to conceal their names, but among whom Beecher and Kneeland, since synonyms for fanaticism, were the master spirits, published a work entitled "*Six Months in a Convent*," and purporting to have been written by Miss Reed. Its errors and ignorance were exposed by the Superior of the Ursulines in an able answer, and two Protestant writers in the burlesques "*Six Months in a House of Correction*," and "*The Chronicles of Mount Benedict*," cast such ridicule on the committee, that in self defence they issued a supplement, a strange medley of misquoted statistics and frenzied ignorance. †

After a short time the community retired to Quebec, and having made a fruitless attempt to restore their house, in 1838 ‡ dispersed in different houses of their rule: and some still survive at Three Rivers, New Orleans, and San Antonio.

* Mother St. Henry (Catharine Quirk) was a niece of the holy foundresses, and her mother and two of her sisters are now members of the Ursuline community of Sligo, and it is to her venerable mother that I am indebted for most of the above details, which I could prolong, did space permit me to yield to the emotion they have excited.

† For the accounts of the destruction of the convent, see Bishop England's Works, v. 232, 347. The other publications are *Six Months in a Convent*.—Supplement to *Six Months in a Convent*, confirming the narrative of Rebecca Theresa Reed. Boston: Russel, Odiorne & Co. 1835.—*Six Months in a House of Correction*, or the Narrative of Dorah Mahoney. Boston: Mussey, 1835.—*The Chronicles of Mount Benedict*. Boston: 1835.

‡ They left Quebec, September 17, 1838. For many details as to the Canadian history of these nuns we are indebted to a short account furnished by the Religieuse of Three Rivers to Mr. H. de Courcy.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

Or all the fine arts doubtless music is the queen. Hallowed in every age by the admiration and love of every people, and chosen to be the principal medium through which earth holds most pleasing converse with heaven, there is in the very name, music, a certain charm which fascinates both heart and soul, and holds them captive by some mysterious influence. For this reason it will not be necessary for us, in treating of music, to have recourse to creations of the imagination or inventions of fancy for the purpose of securing the attention of our readers, since the intellect cheerfully subscribes to every excellence which the heart adores.

We will not here undertake to prove that music possesses the power of pleasing, since this is a truth, the proof of which every one bears within his own breast; neither will we stop to inquire whence it is that music derives this power, for the pleasure arising from music is one which nature intends we should enjoy in silent transport, without vainly or coldly attempting to analyze its cause. Our design is simply to direct the attention of our readers to a few of the many claims which entitle harmony to our deepest admiration, and to support those claims, not by the charms of oratory, or the coloring of fancy, but by the authentic and interesting records of an art, whose simple history is its most eloquent eulogy.

Writers on the arts, as well as the historians of nations and empires, are wont to envelope the origin of the subjects of which they treat, in the dim light of early fable, or to veil it under the myths of remote antiquity, as if a more humble origin than one claiming connection with gods and goddesses, would have been derogatory to the dignity of their themes, and apparently forgetting that the noblest rivers are at first but little streams which arise from sources oftentimes wholly unknown. Authorized by their examples, we too might draw a veil over the cradle of infant harmony, or assign its origin to the gods of a chimerical Parnassus or an imaginary Olympus; but even then we would fall far beneath the real dignity and merit of an art which existed long before even the gods themselves were created in fable.

If we consult the archives of the world, those mighty conquerors of oblivion and cotemporary witnesses of every age and art, what testimony will they give? They will tell us that music counts as many ages of duration as the universe itself; that the lovely companion of Adam, endowed by her Creator with every perfection of nature, and taught by the harmonious concerts of the feathered warblers of Paradise, soon discovered, in the tender cadences and extraordinary flexibility of her own voice, the nature of the precious gift which heaven had conferred on her, both to be as a source of present enjoyment, and also for the purpose of enabling her, at a future day, to cheer her unhappy consort when he should be afflicted by the remembrance of his expulsion from the divine Elysium.

If we consult the sacred writings, we may read in the beginning of Genesis that Jubal, the son of Lamech, was father of those who, in the spring time of nature, sung the praises of the Creator to the accompaniment of the organ and harp. Whence it follows that harmony was, even then, an art, since musical instruments, designed as an accompaniment for the voice, were, at that early period, already invented.

As we descend from the infancy of the world to later ages, we discover everywhere new proofs of its ancient nobility. We find it extending its delightful empire from country to country, from throne to throne. Born in the East, the

parent country of imagination and genius, it rapidly grew in beauty, and daily disclosed, more and more, its lovely charms. The Hebrew, the Assyrian, the learned Egyptian, the wise Grecian, successively selected it to be the guardian of their laws, and the depositary of the monuments of their respective countries. This fact is easily explained. In those very remote ages the nations of the earth, as yet unacquainted with the art of expressing their thoughts in written language, were accustomed to confide their chronicles to verses, which the people committed to memory and frequently sung, and thus perpetuated them from generation to generation. In this manner did they preserve ever fresh in their memory the exploits of their heroes, the precepts of their arts, the history of their gods, their mythology, their religion, their laws. Nay more;—religion itself found a very powerful and indispensable auxiliary in the soothing influence of harmony. The early legislators had learned by easy observation, that the human heart is acted upon more easily, in proportion as the medium employed is agreeable and attractive; and that human nature has to be treated like the sick child, who rejects the salutary but better draught, until the edge of the vessel is covered with honey, when, allured and deceived by this salutary artifice, it at length consents to drink it, and with it drinks in at the same time both life and health. For this reason Hermes, Trismegistus, Orpheus, Zoroaster, the Gymnosophists, in a word, all the founders of the various religions of antiquity, taking advantage of man's natural sensibility to the charms of music, assigned to harmony the first place in the sanctuary. For this reason they neglected not in giving gods to nations, to confide to the guardianship of song the history of those divinities, their hymns, the laws of their religious festivals, the rites of their sacrifices, the popular hymenials and funeral dirges,—being convinced that religion, placed on the altar by the side of peaceful harmony, would exercise a more lasting empire over the hearts of men, than if its laws were written on stone or bronze, or than if it should seek to establish its authority over men, by presenting itself before them, armed with the thunderbolts and lightning of heaven.

If, again, we consider for a moment the beautiful allegories, under which antiquity describes the effects produced by harmony in the heroic ages, what an extraordinary idea must we not form of its triumphant career. Amphion touches his lyre, and that moment the mountains become animated, the stones move, the marbles breathe, the rocks and woods are changed into living things, and a city rises up before our view,—we behold Thebes. Arion, the special favorite of Polymnia, sails from Tarentum to Corinth,—he becomes the victim of a conspiracy, and it is decreed that he be cast into the sea. He asks but one favor, and that is, that he be permitted to touch his lyre once before his death. His request is granted. He plays, and that moment Amphitrite is appeased—the monsters of the deep, allured by the witching melody, surround his ship—he is cast into the sea—a dolphin receives him, uninjured, as he falls, and conveys him in safety to the Lesbian shores. This is not yet all. Neither the empire of the earth nor of the trident suffices for the triumphs of harmony. It must yet extend its sway over regions unknown to the god of day. Eurydice dies. The Thracian bard takes his lyre, and lighted only by the torch of love, he quits the earth, descends to the infernal regions, passes the burning waters of Phlegethon, and those gates which neither wealth, nor tears, nor beauty, could ever open, give way at the sound of his “golden shell.” He sings, and at the sound of his voice the eternal silence of death is broken,—hell for a season suspends its torments,—the shades of the illustrious dead, awakened from their slumbers, surround the son of Calliope; Ixion

stops his wheel of fire—Tantalus forgets his burning thirst—Tisiphone is disarmed—the monarch of the Manes himself, hitherto inexorable, thrice endeavors to resist, but thrice he is vanquished, and Eurydice is at length permitted to return to the regions of light.

Such are a few of the many beautiful allegories under which antiquity bears testimony to the power and charms of ancient music. Much of the coloring, no doubt, is borrowed from the flattering medium of fiction, but even after that veil is removed, enough still remains to convince us of the extraordinary esteem in which music was held in the early ages. Many persons are impressed with the idea that, since at that remote period, music must be regarded as being only in its infancy, it must necessarily have been devoid of many of those beauties which, according to a very natural supposition, it has since acquired:—that its instruments too, at that early period, must have been as rude as they were primitive, and therefore almost wholly destitute of expression or soul;—in short, that to compare the music of those remote ages with the music of modern times, is to compare the struggling rays of the aurora with the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun. Such ideas as these, however, have but little foundation in reason, and are wholly at variance with historical facts. Ages are mutually rivals of one another, and every age imagines that it far excels the one that has immediately preceded it; but this at best is a mere delusion of flattery and self-esteem. Twenty centuries have elapsed between the period of which we write and the present time, and during that long period of pretended progress, how many poets has the world produced superior to a Homer, or a Virgil? How many orators more eloquent than a Cicero, or a Demosthenes? How many sculptors more distinguished than a Phidias, or a Praxiteles? When have the creations of modern art produced a Venus de Medici, a dying Gladiator, a Laocoon, or an Apollo of Belvidere? Or does the age of Pericles suffer eclipse by the side of the 19th century? If then poetry, oratory, sculpture, painting, architecture, in a word, all the other fine arts attained, two thousand years ago, a height of perfection from which they afterwards fell, and which they have not since been able to regain, how does it happen that music alone, the most esteemed and best cultivated of all the arts, did not, at the same period, attain a similar degree of unrivalled excellence?

We must, therefore, bear in mind that, between the epoch so remarkable in Grecian history for the triumphs of art, and the present time, a heavy and dark cloud passed slowly over the whole musical world, and when, at last, that cloud was chased away, its disappearance was principally to be attributed to the few remnants of the beautiful theories of Grecian music, which fortunately survived those ages of barbarism and darkness. With the decline of Greece and Rome, the art of music gradually fell away from its perfect state and pristine loveliness, and at the present time it seeks only to recover its former beauties, and to resume the unlimited empire which it once exercised over the human heart. In fact would it be reasonable to suppose that the first, and as we may naturally infer the most favored children of nature, possessed less than we the gift of invention. Did they cultivate or esteem music less than we do? On the contrary, is it not true that the votaries of harmony were far more honored in ancient than in modern times? Is it not also true that in those early ages music was wont to produce effects which are entirely unknown to the music of the present day? Do we not read how then by its influence seditions were appeased, tyrants assuaged, battles terminated, and even the dying recalled oftentimes from the very verge of the tomb? We might, perhaps, question the veracity of the profane historians on whose authority

those facts rest, did we not find similarly wonderful effects attributed by the sacred writers to the music of the Jews. Witness, for instance, the Israelite women, being seized with the phrenzy of inspiration, when, with timbrels and cornets, they went forth to meet Saul, singing "Saul slew his thousands and David his tens of thousands;" or witness the extraordinary effects produced by the harp of David on the troubled spirit of Saul as often as he happened to be possessed by the evil spirit. From such facts we can readily infer to what a high degree of perfection music must have been brought in those early ages. We must not omit here to remark also that then, as well as at the present time, did ivory, brass, and wood possess animation under the light and delicate fingers of harmony—then, moreover, were many musical instruments in use which are wholly unknown to modern art. Where now are the ancient lyres,—the kinnors of Tyre,—the hazurs of the Hebrews,—the nables of Sidon, or the golden systra of Memphis? Their names have scarcely reached us; they themselves have perished; and yet, in those early times, they produced the most admirable effects:—another proof of the superiority of ancient compared with modern music.

Harmony, like beauty, is a citizen of every country, and, like the language of love which is understood and felt by all people alike, it bears, throughout, the victorious proofs of its empire. Certainly, in no region of the globe is a melodious voice regarded as a stranger, or as an unwelcome visitant. Every where it is listened to with pleasure, and hailed with joy. No matter under what sky it happens to be, like the God of light, it is never out of its empire. Every other art, at some period or another, has been doomed to suffer almost total eclipse. There have been lethargic eras,—ages of barbarism, during which taste and genius were almost wholly exiled from the world, literature annihilated, the muses silent, and the arts consigned to the tomb, without Mecenases or patrons either to admire or weep. But, although the dark cloud which overcast the earth, threw its passing shadow over the realms of harmony, yet, unlike the other arts, the rays of the beautiful art of music were ever sufficiently powerful to penetrate through the reigning gloom, and at no period were its temples wholly deserted, or its altars unadorned with tributary flowers. On the other hand, there is no art to which the most refined ages have paid such marked respect. We find it extolled by the most rigid philosophers, cultivated by the most renowned heroes, cherished by the wisest republics, and honored by the most illustrious monarchs as the noblest ornament of conquerors and kings. Let us here, before concluding, take one other glance at the history of Greece, the parent country of art, and what do we thence learn? That, in the bright days of Athens, it was considered a reproach to be unacquainted with music; that it formed an essential element of Attic refinement; that the sages of the Areopagus were among its most devoted admirers; that Socrates himself, the beloved of gods and men, learned to play on the lute even at an advanced age; in fine, that whoever was destitute of a taste for this refined art, was regarded as one born under an unpropitious planet, or, at least, who had never sacrificed to the graces.

Let us take a parting glance, too, at the various religions of the earth in those early ages, and what testimony do they give? Everywhere we find their altars adorned with the loveliest trophies of this beautiful art; everywhere we find that it was the language preferred before all others for addressing the gods, and conveying to them the incense of earth, whenever men sought to propitiate their favor, extol their greatness, or disarm their ire. Here, the temples of Isis and Osiris resound with the animated music of the systra of Canopus; there, the

Persian magi and fire-worshippers, at the dawn of day, take their silver harps, to greet the first rays of the sun, as he rises above the mountains, or emerges from the sea, adoring in this planet the eternal fire,—the radiant Oromaze, the God of their fathers. At a little distance from these, the dark Brachmin, on the banks of the Ganges, renders the air vocal with Aurora's hymns. Here, the Grecian woods ring with the name of the Olympic Jove;—there the western shores resound with the dances and war songs of the Salians; whilst the name of the sanguinary Teutates, the burden of the Druids devotion, awakens the wild echoes of Germany and France.

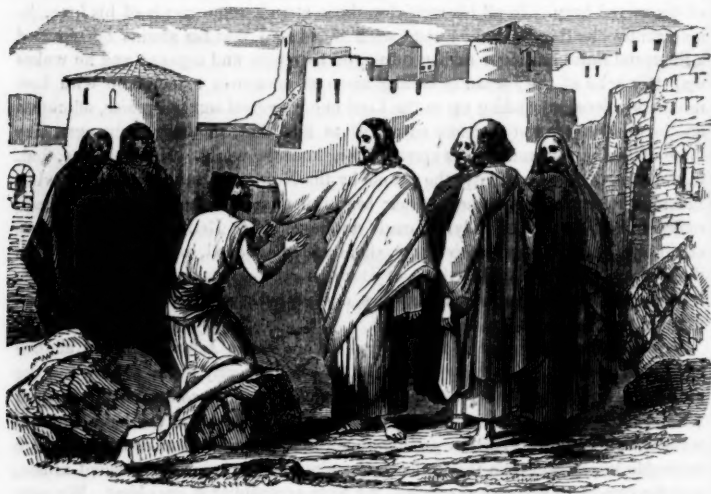
But, why dwell we so long on the triumphs of idolatrous music? It is to you, holy harmony of a favored race, who so often presented the grateful homage of the faithful at the throne of the God of Israel, that we must, now, turn our thoughts. Yes! under the inspiring auspices of harmony we behold the Israelites of old marching forward to battle. Preceded by the triumphant banners of Jehovah, the consecrated singers take their places in front of the battalions of Israel, and blending their sonorous voices with the sounds of the martial bands, they thus invoke on their arms the blessing of the God of hosts. We behold harmony introduced by David into the tabernacles of the Lord, and, the moment it enters, accompanied by the daughters of Sion, it imparts new lustre to the majesty of the holy place, and heightens the pomp of sacrifice. David, at the head of his people, marches before the ark, and regulates their steps, by the measured sounds of his sacred harp. In all his canticles, those eternal monuments of his love, he incessantly breathes forth the ardent wish of his soul, that his strains be repeated a thousand times on harps and cymbals, on trumpets and organs; and he wakes up every echo of the Jordan in calling upon all creatures to combine with harmonious voices, in sending up to the Lord one universal song of praise, adoration and love. We are not therefore surprized to find that, in those early ages, the fame of the Jewish music was spread throughout the world. Hence it was, that, in the days of their captivity, the people by the Euphrates invited the sorrowing Hebrews to teach them some of their beautiful airs; but the children of Israel, exiled from the plains of Solyma, could no longer sing. Remembering Sion, they could only sit and weep; their harps, silent and abandoned, were suspended from the willows that grew by the rivers of Babylon. So does the captive bird forget its former songs of glee, and, if its voice is ever heard again, it is only when it utters the plaintive note of its captivity.

From almost every page of the inspired history of the Jews we might adduce additional proofs of the triumphs of harmony in the early ages; but we fear we may have already exceeded the usual limits of magazine communications, and we must, therefore, draw our essay to a close. If, by what we have hitherto written, we have succeeded in producing on the minds of our readers, a more favorable impression than they before entertained on the subject of ancient music, and the esteem to which it is entitled, we have accomplished our object. We now conclude by expressing a wish which finds echo in the inmost recess of our heart, and it is—that harmony, lovely harmony may ever continue to occupy the throne which, from the very beginning, was raised for it on the most exalted virtues, and on the noblest sentiments of the human heart; and may it ever remain, as it has hitherto been, the true exponent of all that is sublime or beautiful—the companion of refined taste—the soul of society and the delight of the world. R. A. W.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

Our Lord proves his mission by the cure of the man born blind.—The effect of the miracle.—The ten lepers.—He goes to the Feast of the Dedication.

Our Lord had silently refuted his enemies by a question—a question which his Divine Spouse may always address to those who pretend to be wiser than she in her sentences. He chose also to manifest his power by a striking miracle: A poor blind man, known to all Jerusalem, had for many a day sat begging near the temple, and the disciples one Sabbath day asked our Saviour, whose sin had drawn this affliction on the man: for they supposed it a punishment of his own or his parents transgressions. Jesus disabused them of this idea, and taught them that his Eternal Father so ordained for his own glory: and that what the world compassionates is often a real grace unto life everlasting. Reminding them that the night of death was soon to come upon him, when his miracles were to cease, he called the man: and as ever regardless of the Sabbath scruples of the Jewish doctors, he moistened a little clay with spittle and spread it upon the sightless eyes of the beggar. He might thus have cured him as he had cured



others, but he would try his faith and obedience. "Go," he exclaimed, "go wash in the pool of Siloe;" this was a fountain on the eastern side of the city, between the walls and the torrent of Cedron. It was a place of charming freshness in that climate:

"By cool Siloe's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows:
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of its unrivalled rose."

The poor beggar had not solicited his cure, but his faith was not weak: alone he started for the rill of Siloe, which glides so gently that no ripple could betray it to his ear; he reached it: and entering the pool which had been formed there, washed, and with ravished eyes beheld around him the stately steps and colonnade which Sellum had reared around this precious fountain. Full of joy he returned in search of his benefactor, and as he hurried by, his neighbors cried out: "Is not this he that sat and begged?" "It certainly is," exclaimed some: "No!" said others, "but he looks like him." He however soon dispelled their doubts by assuring them that he was indeed the poor blind beggar. Still more amazed they all with one breath ask: "How were thy eyes opened?" "The man that is called Jesus," said he, "made clay and anointed my eyes, and said to me: Go to the pool of Siloe and wash; and," he added with all Spartan brevity and energy, "I went, I washed, and I see." Then they asked him where Jesus was, and the man declared that he knew not.

The Pharisees had already formed their plots against Jesus, and had resolved to expel from the synagogues any one who acknowledged him to be the Messiah.



This determination was known, and the people who beheld in the miracle a violation of the Sabbath and a new charge against our Lord, dragged the man before the Pharisees. Interrogated there, his answer was simple: "He put clay upon my eyes, and I washed, and I see." A dispute then arose among them, some maintaining that Jesus must be a sinner because he violated the Sabbath, others doubting whether a sinner could have such power from God. Turning to the blind man they asked him what he thought. His answer, bold and plain, was: "He is a prophet." Suspecting some collusion they sent for the man's parents: but their son's faith was not theirs; they feared and said: "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind; but how he now seeth, we know not: ask him: he is of age; let him speak for himself." Calling back the man the Jewish doctors said in a patronizing tone, as though the whole matter had been discovered: "Give glory to God: we know that this man is a sinner." But his spiritual eyes were as open as theirs were blinded. "If he be a sinner, I know not," said the

firm believer; "but this I know, that I was blind and now I see." They again asked him to describe the manner of his cure, but he answered: "I have told you already, and you have heard: why would you hear it again? Will you too become his disciples?" "Be thou his disciple," said they scornfully: "we are the disciples of Moses: but as to this man, we know not whence he is." "Why, this is a wonderful thing," was the adroit reply, "you know not whence he is, and he has opened my eyes: now we know that God does not hear sinners to do their will: but if a man be a server of God and doeth his will, him God heareth. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard, that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind. Unless this man were of God, he could not do any such thing." Stung by this reproach they cast him out: but Jesus who had witnessed his disciple's contest, approached him: "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in him?" "Thou hast seen him," said his Divine Redeemer, "and it is he that talketh with thee." "I believe, Lord," exclaimed the fervent disciple, and falling down he adored the Saviour of the world. We know not the name of this disciple, but from the length at which St. John describes the event, he was doubtless one afterwards attached to the beloved apostle.*

Our Lord was then surrounded by the Pharisees, whom he reproached with their obduracy, declaring his mission in parables. Taking up that of a sheepfold, he said:



"I am the door, and the shepherd of the flock can only through me enter to the sheep; nor will the sheep follow any one that does not enter through me." Keeping up the similitude of a sheepfold, he continued in words which seemed to have

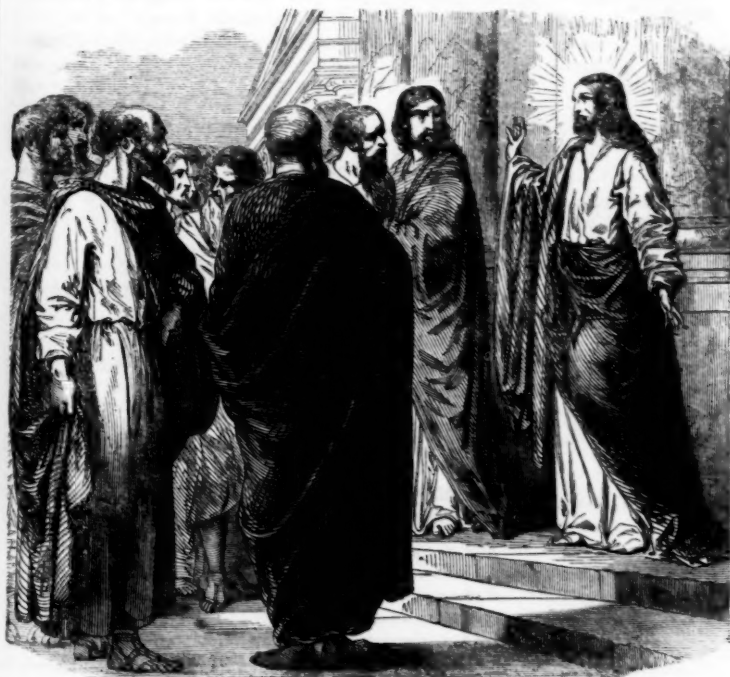
Luke xviii, 25-30.

been the life-thought of the early Christians: "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep; but the hireling and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth and scattereth the sheep: and the hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling; and he hath no care for the sheep. I am the good shepherd and I know mine, and mine know me. As the Father knoweth me and I know the Father, and I lay down my life for my sheep. And other sheep I have that are not of this fold," he continued, alluding to the Gentiles, "them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth the Father love me; because I lay down my life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from me; but I lay it down of myself, and I have power to take it up again."

Well does the Church keep up the symbol and cry:

"Jesu, shepherd of the sheep!
Thou thy flock in safety keep,
Living bread! thy life supply;
Strengthen us or else we die—
Fill us with celestial grace."

After this miracle our Lord returned to Galilee, but did not remain there long, as he wished to attend the Feast of Dedication, which fell that year in December. This feast was instituted to commemorate the restoration and



purification of the temple by Judas Macchabeus, and was always attended by great numbers. As Jesus passed through Galilee and Samaria, ten lepers in the neighborhood of a large city descried him afar, and called out: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." He was not deaf to their cry: "Go," exclaimed the benign Redeemer, "go show yourselves to the priests." They joyfully obeyed, and were cured as they went. One seeing how great a miracle had been wrought in their favor, returned, and glorifying God, fell on his face before our Lord. "Were there not ten made clean?" exclaimed Jesus: "Where are the nine? is there no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger? Arise! go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."

Reaching Jerusalem he entered the temple, and the Pharisees immediately asked him when the kingdom of God should come? that is, when the Messiah would come and establish his Church. "The kingdom of God," he replied, "cometh not with observation. Lo, the kingdom of God is within you." He warned them against those who would delude them by pretended Messiahs, and told them that as in the days of Noe and Lot all disregarded God's warnings, even so should it be in the day when the Son of Man should be revealed. But he plainly foretold his rejection by the Jews, his passion and death: "He must suffer many things and be rejected by this generation." And he spoke too of his second coming in power and majesty, which should be sudden and unexpected like his first, and like it discovered by the events that follow, even as the death of an animal by the eagles that fly around it. "Whosoever the body is, there shall the eagles be gathered together."

A Child at Prayer.

BY C. J. CANNON.

A child, whose infant brow
Was wreathed with golden hair,
Low at the twilight hour,
With sweet and rev'rent air,
Knelt at his mother's knee
To lisp his feeble prayer.

And on that rosy face—
In innocence so bright!—
Undoubtingly upturned
In the calm evening light,
Did angels stoop to gaze,
Enraptured with the sight.

And as on wings of Faith
His words to Heaven were sped,
And love of his pure heart
A glory round him shed,
Like wholesome dews on flowers,
Fell blessings on his head.

THE INSTRUMENTS OF CHRIST'S PASSION AND DEATH.

THE instruments of our Divine Saviour's Passion have always been held in deep veneration. "If the ark," says St. Jerome, "was held in such high veneration among the Jews, how ought Christians to respect the wood of the cross, whereon our Saviour offered himself a victim for our sins." The Christian at this sacred season naturally turns towards Calvary, and stands in spirit with Mary, St. John and the pious women, beneath the cross of the world's Redeemer, and views with deep emotion that cross, those nails, the crown of thorns—instruments of his Saviour's suffering. The following account, therefore, respecting these sacred instruments by which our Divine Redeemer triumphed over sin, and purchased for us grace and salvation, will prove not only interesting in itself, but serve to renew our faith, our hope, and enkindle in our breasts anew the grateful remembrance of his death.

THE PILLAR AT WHICH OUR LORD WAS SCOURGED.—This was anciently kept at Jerusalem with other relics, on Mount Zion, as mentioned by St. Gregory of Tours, Venerable Bede, St. Jerome and others. It remained in this place till the thirteenth century, when it was brought to Rome by Cardinal John Columna, Apostolic Legate in the East, under Pope Honorius III, A. D. 1213. It was placed in a chapel in the church of St. Praxedes, where it remains, if we mistake not, to the present time. The pillar is of gray marble, about twenty inches long, and one foot in diameter at the bottom and eight inches at the top, where there is a ring to which criminals were tied.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.—The sacred crown of thorns was kept with much veneration at Jerusalem, and afterwards at Constantinople, until the thirteenth century, when Baldwin II gave it to St. Louis, king of France, at a time when the capital of his own empire was no longer considered a place of security against the Saracens. The sacred treasure was carried by holy men by way of Venice into France. St. Louis, with his mother, and many prelates and princes, met it five leagues from Sens. The pious king and his brother Robert, barefooted, and attended by an immense multitude, carried it to the cathedral of that city. It was thence conveyed to Paris with extraordinary solemnity, where the king had built for its reception a chapel, called the Holy Chapel.

What kind of thorns were in the sacred crown, is yet a question among the learned. They were so platted together as entirely to cover the head of our Divine Lord, and not merely as a wreath or fillet to bind the temples. St. Bridget says in the 4th book of her Revelations, that the "thorny crown was pressed down upon his head, reaching to the middle of his forehead."

THE CROSS.—The cross on which our Divine Redeemer suffered, was discovered by St. Helen in the year 326, near the place where our Lord was buried. The pious discoverer of the sacred relic sent a part of it to the Emperor Constantine, then at Constantinople, and another part to Rome, to be placed in a chapel which she had built there, called "The Holy Cross of Jerusalem," where it remains to the present day. The *title* was sent by St. Helen to the same church in Rome. The inscription in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, is in red letters, and the wood was whitened. This was its appearance as late as the year 1492; but the colors have

since faded : the words *Jesus* and *Judeorum* have entirely disappeared. The board is nine, but was originally twelve inches long.

The greater part of the cross, St. Helen enclosed in a silver shrine and committed to St. Macarius, the holy bishop of Jerusalem, that it might be handed down as an object of veneration to posterity. It was accordingly kept in a magnificent church at Jerusalem, and publicly shown to the people at Easter. St. Paulinus, in his epistle to Serverus, states that though small particles were almost daily cut off from the cross, yet the sacred wood thereby suffered no diminution, and it is affirmed by St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, twenty-five years after the discovery, that pieces of the cross were spread over all the earth, and he compares this wonder to the miraculous feeding of five thousand men, as recorded in the gospel.

THE NAILS.—The nails with which our Lord was fastened to the cross, were found at the time the cross was discovered by St. Helen. It is most probable that four nails were made use of in Christ's crucifixion, two for the hands and two for the feet, though some think that his feet were fastened across with one nail. One of these nails St. Helen threw into the Adriatic sea to allay a violent storm in which she was in danger of perishing, and which, according to St. Gregory of Tours, immediately ceased. The Emperor Constantine, as St. Ambrose and others testify, fixed another of the nails in a rich diadem of pearls, which he wore on the most solemn occasions ; and that for protection he had a third set in a costly bridle which he used. One of these nails is still preserved at Rome, in the Church of the Holy Cross, and we think another at Milan. Many nails have been made similar to the original nails, and some filings from the genuine ones put in them, and distributed as relics. The true nail kept at Rome has been manifestly filed, and is now without a point.

THE HOLY LANCE.—The lance which opened the side of our Divine Saviour, is now kept at Rome, but has no point. Andrew of Crete, who lived in the seventh century, says it was buried together with the cross, and St. Gregory of Tours and Venerable Bede testify that in their time it was kept at Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens it was buried privately at Antioch, in which city it was afterwards found, and wrought many miracles, as Robert the monk and many eye-witnesses testify. It was first carried to Jerusalem and then to Constantinople, and at the time this city was taken by the Latins, Baldwin II sent the point of it to Venice, as a pledge for a loan of money. St. Louis, king of France, redeemed it, by paying the sum for which it was pledged, and had it conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the *Holy Chapel*. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople after the Turks had taken that city to the year 1492, when the Sultan Bajazet sent it by an ambassador in a rich and beautiful case to Pope Innocent VIII, adding that the point was in the possession of the king of France.

THE HOLY SPONGE.—The sponge tinged with blood, used at our Lord's crucifixion, is still preserved at Rome, in the church of St. John Lateran, with much veneration. While the malefactor hung upon the cross it was customary, by means of a sponge to apply vinegar to his wounds, that by its astringent qualities, it might in some degree staunch the blood, and thus prolong the sufferings of the victim.

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE reader will remember that Mrs. Motherly had a strong objection to Mr. Guirkie's carrying his purse with him, whenever she suspected him of going to visit the blind fiddler at the Cairn, or the widow with the "three twins," down at Ballymastocker. She insisted it was her duty to search his pockets on such occasions, and she did search them, and he permitted her to do so with all the docility of a child, save and except when a third party happened to be present; then he drew himself up and proclaimed his independence, both by word and look, but so ostentatiously with all, that any one with the slightest discrimination might have seen it was only the advantage the coward takes, when he unexpectedly finds help at his back. Uncle Jerry was, we must admit, rather peculiar in the exercise of his benevolence, or as Mrs. Motherly used to say, he was odd in his ways. It was not exactly because Batt Curley, of the Cairn (Else's third husband), was destitute of the ordinary means of living, that he took such a kindly interest in him, for Batt always earned enough to eat and drink by his fiddle, hard as the times were; it was because he was old, and blind, and only a fiddler at that, he felt so much for him. So also with respect to the widow and the "three twins," at Ballymastocker; there was nothing very lamentable in her case either, but the thought of a poor lone woman with three children born at a birth to take care of, so fixed itself about his heart that he found it impossible to banish it. And it was precisely because the care of the negro had something peculiar in it, his sympathy was so suddenly excited in his favor. Had the doctor told him of the negro's arms being broken, he would have felt for the poor sufferer, no doubt, as he felt for every body in distress, but when he told him of his toes being broken and disjoined, it was something dreadful to think of. A poor African wounded in this manner touched the tenderest sympathies of his generous soul—was something to his mind really appalling.

The reader must not imagine for a moment, notwithstanding all we have said, that Uncle Jerry's fancy had more to do with his benevolence than his heart. No such thing; fancy was only the angel of light that stood by, while charity, the first born of the Redeemer's love, drew the picture of human sorrow, and held it up before him. Oh Christian charity! loveliest of virtues, when the Saviour who gave you in triumph to the world, first presented you on Calvary, how beautiful were you then! When taking you by the hand he led you up the hill, and point-

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ing to the Sun of Christianity just beginning to rise, bid you go forth to bless and bind all hearts together till the light of that Sun should again be absorbed into the source of its life forever more,—how modest your blushing face, and how timid your noiseless step, as you came out from the darkness of paganism, to weave your web of love around the great heart of regenerated humanity. You had worshippers then to fall in millions at your feet; but where are they now? Alas, alas, like the deserted king of Greece, looking round the bay of Salamis for his scattered ships:

“You counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set where were they?”

The goddess of charity whom men worship now, child of heaven, is not like unto thee. She is bold and proud. She walks with stately step, and shuns the lowly cabin on her way to princely halls. She extends not her hand to the helpless in the darkness of night, but waits for the broad glare of the noonday, to carry her gifts to the market place. She stalks along the public thoroughfares in wanton attire, surrounded by followers whom she attracts by the splendor of her habilaments, and the stateliness of her mien. She has set herself up as its rival, modest, blushing child of God. In the flaunting dress of the harlot, she disputes thy empire over the hearts of men, and she gains the victory.

But, my dear reader, fallen as the world is, there are some true hearts to be found in it still; some who, like Uncle Jerry, will steal away into obscure places to comfort the poor, and blush like him to be caught in the act. So was it now.

It appears that Mr. Guirkie, instead of going directly to Rathmullen on his weekly visit to the old church-yard, as Mrs. Motherly had supposed, fell in with the priest on his way to visit the widow with the three twins at Ballymastocker, who had taken suddenly ill, and instantly resolved to accompany him to the house.

As Captain Petersham and his party rode along, two horses standing at the widow's door attracted his attention, and on coming up, he recognized them as Father John's and Mr. Guirkie's. At once he made up his mind to invite these two friends to Castle Gregory, and accordingly dismounted for that purpose.

On entering the humble dwelling of the widow, or rather as he stepped on the threshold, a sight met his view, which caused him instantly to draw back. Uncle Jerry was sitting near the fire-place with his back to the door, and so intent was he at his occupation, that he neither heard the Captain's footstep nor observed the shade which his person cast upon the wall as he came in. Captain Petersham, as the reader knows already, was a blunt, outspoken, honest-hearted, rollicking country-gentleman of the old school, though a comparatively young man himself, and Kate, knowing his ways so well, had been expecting every instant to hear his loud voice in high banter with Uncle Jerry; but instead of that she was somewhat surprized to see him steal out again on tiptoe with his hands raised up in wonder as if at something he had witnessed within.

“What's the matter, Captain?” she demanded, “is the widow dead?”

“Not that I know of, but such a sight as that I hav'nt seen for years—come down and behold it with your own eyes,” and taking his sister by the arm escorted her to the door of the cabin.

Mr. Weeks and the other gentlemen of the party, hearing the Captain's words, were instantly excited by a natural curiosity to see what was going on, and alighted also.

Uncle Jerry was still intent on his work. He was rocking a cradle of more than

ordinary proportions, made of course wickerwork, in which the "three twins" were soundly sleeping. On a low stool beside him lay his pocket handkerchief, which he had been using when the Captain first saw him, and which he had only laid down as the party came crowding round the door.

"Gentlemen," said Kate, turning to her friends and whispering her words low, "I beg you will retire. This is no fitting scene for profane eyes like yours to look upon. Away, and leave the Captain and me to speak to him."

They did as directed, and then Kate, motioning the Captain to keep his place, stepped across the earthen floor of the cabin with the lightness of a bird, and stood behind the watcher. She was about to touch him on the shoulder with her finger to make him aware of her presence, but drew it back again suddenly, and waited a minute longer.

In that short minute Uncle Jerry had laid open his whole heart to her. She could read it as plainly as she could read a book. Inserting his hand into the lining of his great seal-skin cap, he drew forth from a secret pocket, which Mrs. Motherly had failed to discover, a bank of Ireland note, and rolling it up into convenient shape, took the hand of one of the orphans and weaved it in between its fingers. As he did so a big tear dropped on the hand, and Uncle Jerry took up his handkerchief again to wipe it off.

"Hold!" said Kate, "let it remain there. It will consecrate the offering."

"God bless me!" said Mr. Guirkie, looking up with his eyes still full, "I thought I was alone."

"And if you were," replied Kate, hardly able to restrain her own tears, "the lesson would be lost."

"What lesson?"

"That," said she, pointing to the child's hand holding the money, with the mercy drop glistening on it.

"Why upon my word and honor, Kate," said Uncle Jerry, wiping his tears, "I don't know how it is, but the smoke of the peat fire affects my eyes more than it used to affect them—perhaps it's because I'm growing older."

Kate took his hand and pressed it in lovingly. "God bless you," she said. "I never see you but I feel my heart grows better. If charity and faith ever dwell in human bosom, they are surely to be found in your's and Mary Lee's. But tell me where is Father John?"

Uncle Jerry pointed to the room.

"Has he finished?"

"Yes—you may go in."

Kate opened the door gently, but seeing Father John on his knees by the bedside of his penitent, closed it again.

"Come in," said the priest, who had turned his head a little, and saw her form as she opened the door; "come in Miss Petersham, and as I administer the sacrament of the body and blood of the Redeemer of the world to this poor dying creature, beg of him by the love he bore you in the institution of this adorable mystery of the Eucharist, to convert you to the only true and living faith."

Kate fell upon her knees and prayed fervently.

"God of love," said the priest, prostrated before the open pix, "if ever I have done aught to deserve a blessing at thy hands, I now implore thee to touch the heart of this erring child. Breathe into her soul the spirit that quickeneth unto life, that she may one day feel how good thou art, and how inestimable a treasure she possesses in the sacrament of thy love. And thou, O Mary, Mother of God,

pray for her that she may soon break asunder those earthly ties, that hold her back from the arms of the Church of Christ stretched out to embrace her."

He now rose and administered the viaticum to the dying woman, afterwards the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and then kneeling once more by her bedside, recommended her soul fervently to the God who gave it.

As he turned to leave the room, Miss Petersham looked up in his face. Her cheeks were flushed with the emotions of her heart. "Father," she cried, still kneeling before him, "Father, give me thy hand," and kissing it she placed it on her head and asked his blessing.

He gave it from the depth of his heart. Then Kate rose, and silently accompanied her two friends to the door, where the party was impatiently awaiting their coming.

The Captain, who had been a silent witness of the whole scene, touched his cap respectfully as the priest appeared, and then silently mounting his horse rode off with his friends to Castle Gregory.

CHAPTER XX.

"MR. WEEKS," said Captain Petersham, after dinner was over and the cloth removed, "I'm quite delighted to see you at Castle Gregory, and now as the ladies have left us, we must drink a glass of stout Innishowen together,—Mr. Johnson shove down the decanter to our American friend."

"Excuse me, Captain," said Mr. Weeks, "I never drink."

"Nonsense—you must drink. By George, that's a pretty thing—not drink indeed—why you're not a teetotaler, are you?"

"Well pretty much so. I'm a Washingtonian."

"Of course you are—I know all that. But you don't mean to say that every Washingtonian's a temperance man?"

"You mistake, I reckon," replied Weeks. "A Washingtonian don't mean an American, exactly, but a member of a certain temperance society."

"Oh, I see—that's the meaning of it. So you belong to a temperance society then! Well, 'pon my honor, friend Weeks, I had formed a better opinion of you than that."

"Don't think it wrong to take a pledge against liquor, do you?"

"No—not perhaps for the working classes—but I think no gentleman should take it. If a sense of his position, and respect for his honor, don't restrain a gentleman from brutalizing himself, then I say he's no gentleman, and no pledge or oath can bind him. What think you, Father John?"

"You're right, Captain, except in those rare instances when gentlemen regard excess as a sin against God, in such cases a pledge may restrain them when their honor can't. Perhaps Mr. Weeks is one of this class."

"How—regard intoxication as a sin against God?"

"Yes—for which he will one day hold you responsible."

"Well, as to that," replied Weeks, "I reckon it depends materially on the kinder notions one has formed on that ere point. Folks differ, you know, considerable about the sorter being God is, and as for myself I can't say I ever got well posted up on the subject. But I always maintained that the abuse of liquor was a sin against society."

"Of course—there never was a second opinion about it."

"And I always set my face against it on that account."

"Precisely—you adopted the prevailing sentiment—for I can call it by no other name—that the abuse of liquor should be discouraged, not because it's offensive to God and injurious to the soul, but because it's offensive to society—to modest eyes and ears polite."

"Father John, take my advice, and drop the argument," said the Captain, "or you'll be head and ears into one of your long sermons directly. Mr. Weeks, don't mind him—he's forever moralizing. But fill your glass like an honest man, and drink your national toast—'Success to the stars and stripes.'"

"Don't drink, I assure you, Captain. Should be most happy to oblige you, but it's against my principles."

"Against the ——— against a man's principles to drink a glass of punch at a friend's table."

"Don't urge the gentleman," said two or three of the company together—"he has scruples about it. Every man should know what suits himself best."

"Nonsense. Hang it! I can't bear to look at a guest of mine sitting at my table as dry as a stick."

"Well, to please you, I'll taste it," said Weeks at last, "though it's against my principles to drink. Mr. Johnson, have the goodness to make me a spoonful or two of sangaree."

"Sangaree!" repeated the Captain. "Not a drop of it, Johnson—not a drop; make him a glass of whisky punch. Or stop—send it up to me; I'll make it myself."

"No, no—hold on, Captain; excuse me," said Weeks, intercepting the decanter on its way to the head of the table, "excuse me, I'd rather not; Mr. Johnson will make it."

"Why—it seems so strange," exclaimed the Captain. "Whately, could you have imagined it; a freeman, a citizen of the model republic, and neither Presbyterian nor Quaker, to belong to a temperance society. Ha, ha, it's monstrous—it shocks all my American prepossessions."

Weeks smiled in his usual cold way, and assured the Captain the "Sons of Temperance" were very numerous in the States; and that for his part he had been strictly temperate since he was fifteen years old.

"And pray, Mr. Weeks," said the Captain, filling his glass from the tumbler, "what pleasure or advantage can you derive from this self-denial you practice—it's not for your sins, I suspect, eh?"

"No, sir; don't believe in that doctrine."

"And why the mischief do you abstain, then?"

"Why, because it suits my constitution best, and saves my pocket besides."

"Oh, that indeed; I understand you now."

"Two excellent motives, ai'nt they, Captain?"

"You must ask Father Brennan," replied the Captain. "That question involves a knowledge of morals of which I profess to be entirely ignorant. What say you, Father John, will his motives stand the test of your theology?"

Father John shook his head, but said nothing in reply.

"Well look here," pursued Weeks, turning to the priest, "I ai'nt agoin to dispute the matter now, but just multiply fourteen years (the time I've been temperate) by three hundred and sixty-five dollars saved each year—and that's about the lowest calculation I can make—and you have precisely five thousand one hundred and

ten dollars, exclusive of interest. Now I call that a saving. I may be mistaken, but I call it a saving."

"Not a doubt of it," replied the priest, smiling—"not a doubt of it—you calculate very closely though, don't you?"

"Well, no sir; I merely follow cousin Nathan's advice, and don't waste my powder. I had a cousin once called Nathan Bigelow ——"

"There!" ejaculated Uncle Jerry, laying down his glass untasted, and rising from the table, "there! he's at his cousin Nathan again. I vow and declare I can't stand it any longer—this is the fifth time."

"What's the matter, Mr. Guirkie," demanded the Captain, "that you quit us so soon?"

"Nothing very particular," replied Uncle Jerry, making his way out as fast as possible. "I'll return presently."

"Well, this cousin of mine," continued Weeks, "this cousin called Nathan ——"

"Oh he's the man," interrupted the Captain, "used to preside at town meetings, direct the minister what to preach, and so forth. Yes, yes, you needn't mind, we have heard all about him long ago."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes; he's quite familiar to us."

"Well, I was only going to say that I merely followed his advice. And now with regard to my second motive, I found when about fifteen years of age, or thereabouts, that liquor proved a leetle too exciting for my constitution, both mentally and physically."

"Ah, indeed," said the priest, "how so, pray?"

"Well, it softened my heart a leetle more than I found convenient."

"You drank too freely, perhaps, for a boy of your age?"

"Well, guess I did—rather: can't say I got drunk, though—got tight once in a while. But the darned thing used to draw a sorter skin over my eyes, so's I could'n't see clearly what I was about."

"Hence you gave it up?"

"Yes. You'd like to know, perhaps, how it came round?"

"Certainly—let's hear it by all means."

"Well, it was kinder funny, too. Father sent me one morning when I was about fifteen or a little over, to a place called Meriden, with chickens and squash for the market. It happened I took a young colt with me father bought short time before, and he was a smasher of his age, I tell you—only rising five, and as pretty a piece of horseflesh at that as you could scare up in the hull county. After selling the provisions and putting the proceeds in my wallet, I dropped into a bar-room to have a drink before I'd start for hum. Just as I took a cigar to smoke after the brandy, a long-legged green-looking chap—Vermont, guess he was—comes up to the counter, and siz he, 'Youngster, that horse of yourn's pretty smart horse, I reckon?' 'Well, yes,' siz I, 'considerable smart for a colt.' 'What time does he make?' 'Three and a half,' siz I. Sez he, 'no; can't do it.' 'Can't?' siz I. Sez he 'no, hai'nt got the points for three and a half, nor four nether.' 'Well,' said I, quite coolly, as I lit my cigar, 'You can bet, if you're a mind to.' 'Agreed,' said he, 'what'll it be?' 'I ai'nt particular,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'treat for all round, if you've got no objection?' 'None,' said I, 'I'm quite agreeable.'

"Well, having got the lend of a sulkey from a Doctor in the neighborhood, we marked the course, appointed a time-keeper, and off I started. Crackie, how tha'

colt did put it that day. Well, he went it slick, I tell yer. The critter knew just's well as I did myself, what he'd got to do, and he struck out like a good fellow."

"Won the bet, of course?"

"Won it! Ye-e-s; guess he did, and twenty seconds to spare besides. 'Well,' siz the tall fellow, coming up to me, as I stepped from the sulky, and clapped the colt on the back, 'Well,' siz he, 'he did his prettiest, I reckon?'"

"Siz I, 'no; not by a long chalk.' 'Darn the matter,' siz he, 'he won the bet, anyway, so come in and have a drink.' As the chap spoke, he beckoned to two or three other hard looking customers, that seemed to be loafing about the corner, and then dove into an oyster cellar. 'Brandy smashes and cigars for five,' said he, passing the bar-keeper. 'You'll go that, youngster, won't you?' 'Well, don't care if I do,' said I, 'though I ai'nt much accustomed to it.'"

"So you drank too much on that occasion?" said one of the company, interrupting the details, for he thought Mr. Weeks was growing rather tedious.

"You'd better believe it, friend. Well, to cut the story short, before I left the cellar that afternoon, I lost the price of the squash and chickens, and swapped the colt besides for a Canadian poney, a gold watch and thirty-seven dollars in cash. Next morning came though, and O, scizzors! if I did'nt feel like suicide."

"Conscience stricken," said the priest, "for the night's debauch?"

"Conscience stricken! Why, no; but for letting that green chap come it over me so smooth. Well, I swow, I never felt so cheap in my life—that's a fact."

"He cheated you then?"

"Yes—guess he did cheat me. Hold on a bit though, you'll hear. About seven o'clock next morning father come into the kitchen swearing like fifty. I was lying in bed at the time, just thinking of getting up."

"Where's the young scamp?" he cried, 'by thunder I'll cow-hide him this minute within an inch of his life.'"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed mother. 'Why, Amasa Weeks! Ai'nt you ashamed?'"

"No; I ai'nt."

"You oughter, then."

"Stand aside," shouted father, 'and let me pass.'"

"Amasa, ai'nt you crazy?"

"Shut up, I say. The young scoundrel! I'll teach him how to trade!"

"Poor child," said mother, 'it was his first trade; and what could you expect of a boy of fifteen. Why, gracious, if he was taken in about that watch it's not agoin to ruin you, is it?'"

"But the horse! the horse!" shouted father."

"The horse! why, what's the matter with the horse?"

"The matter!—thunderation's the matter!—the critter's blind!"

"Blind!—why, you don't say!"

"And lame! lame!! the tarnation villain!!"

"Pheugh, said I, jumping out of bed and bolting through the open window with my jacket under my arm, it's time I warn't here, I reckon; and without waiting for further information on the subject, I cleared."

After the suppressed titter, which accompanied Weeks' story all through, had at last broken out into a broad laugh, and then subsided, Father John quietly observed that the gentleman's first lesson was rather an expensive one.

"Should think so," said Weeks in reply; "it cost me, or father rather, somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars."

"And so after that you concluded to drink no more?"

"Gave it up, sir, right straight off; I saw it would'nt pay."

"And that I suppose was your only motive for becoming temperate?"

"Why yes—of course it was."

"Well," said the priest, "I can't admire it much. Had you only united that motive, selfish as it was, with a desire to please God and save your soul——"

"Whew!" ejaculated Weeks, interrupting the priest, "that's quite another affair. My principle is to leave Christianity and religion, and all that sorter thing, to those whose duty it is to look after it. I'm a business man, squire, and my object is trade and nothing else."

"Good!" cried Captain Petersham, returning and clapping Weeks on the shoulder as he passed him by on his way to the head of the table. "Good, sir, that's honest speaking. By George, Weeks, you're a trump."

"Well them's my sentiments, and I ai'nt afraid to avow them either," said Weeks, taking courage from the Captain and the potteen together. "I'm a business man, and make no pretensions to piety, nor nothing else."

"Certainly not, sir, that's as much as you can attend to."

"Of course it is—no doubt of it."

"And see here," said Weeks, after finishing the last glass, and making the spoon ring in the empty tumbler. "See here, Captain, I may as well say what I think. I never saw a pious business man yet worth a copper to the country. I *swonnie* I never did."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain, "listen to that, Father John!"

"And I tell you what, sir," continued Weeks, turning to the priest—who now kept his head down to hide a smile, while he toyed with his watch chain for an excuse—"I tell you what, sir, ministers may say what they please, but they're a darn'd set of humbugs, that's the hul amount of it."

"Hah! take that, my reverend friend," chuckled the Captain again. "The truth occasionally you know will do you good."

"I'm quite surprised, Mr. Weeks," gravely observed the priest, while a smile kept playing about the corners of his mouth. "I'm really surprised to hear you speak so irreverently—it's too bad."

"Well, hold on a bit—hold on—see here, I know as many as fifty ministers in New England alone, and more too, abandoned their pulpits last year, and went off to speculate in this, that, and t'other thing, to make money. Some went into the fish business, some into the lumber trade, two on 'em from my own town turned to the law, and the majority managed to squeeze themselves into the legislature. Now, if these men had, what they pretended to have, a vocation to the ministry before their ordination, where in thunder did it go after, I'd like to know."

"It's no doubt a melancholy fact," said the priest, "that your Protestant clergy of New England, especially those with limited revenues, in very many instances have renounced their sacred calling for more lucrative trades and professions, thereby disgracing themselves and their religion; but such instances are very rare in this country."

"Are—how's that?"

"Why, we don't love money here, perhaps, so much as you do in the States; and besides we hav'nt the same opportunities to speculate."

"Well, that may be all very true," replied Weeks; "but it's my opinion ministers in general make a trade of religion everywhere one way or other. I have

had a pretty good chance myself to see how the thing works, and I reckon I can tell as much about it too as most folks. Been a class-leader once in my time."

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, leaning his folded arms on the table and gazing at the Yankee, bedizened all over as he was with chains and broaches. "What, a class-leader—you?"

"Yes."

"A Methodist, you mean?"

"Why certainly."

"A canting Methodist?"

"Of course."

"May the Lord forgive you, Mr. Weeks!" (The reader is already aware of the Captain's special contempt for that particular sect). "Why you must have lost your senses."

"Well, they are a kinder scraggy, I allow," said Weeks.

"And you made such a spooney of yourself as to snivel away with this psalm-singing set. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Weeks, I thought you were a different man altogether."

"Well, I allow it was sorter mean—that's a fact. But wait a bit, let me tell you how it happened. I had an object in view."

"Oh, confound your object!"

"Wait a minute, you'll say it warn't a bad one, if the thing had been properly managed. Well, there was a gal in our neighborhood named Brown, Zepherina Brown, or Zeph, as she was called for shortness sake."

"Pardon me, Mr. Weeks, your glass is empty," said the Captain. "Whately, send up the bottle."

"You'll excuse me, Captain."

"Hang your excuses; make a glass of punch, sir, like a man."

"Well I'd rather not just at present."

"Nonsense."

"I'm not used to it, you know."

"Used to it! used to Innishowen whisky twenty years old? Are you used to new milk? 'Pon my honor, sir, I'm ashamed of you. If you don't drink, by the Lord Harry I'll think you're a Methodist still."

"Well I rather think I'll be ashamed of myself before long, if I hold on at this rate. It begins to wake me up already. I swonnie it does."

"Psaugh! my dear sir, you might drink a puncheon of it. Irish whisky's meat, drink, washing and lodging for every human being under the sun. Come, send up your tumbler, I'll mix it for you. There's Madeira and Claret on the side-board, and I would'nt give a brass bottom for oceans of it, while there's a drop of this real old Irish whisky here to soften my heart. By George, sir, if you only drank it for six months, it would make a glorious fellow of you."

"Humph!" said Weeks, "guess it would—the wrong way."

"No, sir, but the right way. It would cure you of that passion you have for speculating and money-making. It would make your heart grow twice as big as it is,—aye, big enough, by George, to take the whole human race into it."

"Well, it's a fact," said Weeks, "it does make a feller feel kind of good; but guess it's not to be trusted too far either, for all that."

"Never fear, Weeks, never fear,—you go on with the story, and I'll mix the punch."

To be continued.

VOL. IV.—No. 2.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

MARYLAND THE BIRTH-PLACE OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—Mr. Davis, in the *Day-Star of American Freedom*, in deducing evidence to prove that the honor of having passed the famous Toleration Act of 1649, belongs to the Catholics of Maryland, uses the following beautiful language:

"St. Mary's was the home—the chosen home—of the disciples of the Roman church. The fact has been generally received. It is sustained by the tradition of two hundred years, and by volumes of written testimony; by the records of the courts; by the proceedings of the privy council; by the trial of law-cases; by the wills and inventories; by the land-records, and rent-rolls; and by the very names originally given to the towns and hundreds; to the creeks and rivulets; to the tracts and manors of the county. The State itself bears the name of a Roman Catholic queen. Of the six hundreds of this small county, in 1650, five had the prefix of St. Sixty tracts and manors, most of them taken up at a very early period, bear the same Roman Catholic mark. The villages and creeks, to this day, attest the wide-spread prevalence of the same tastes, sentiments, and sympathies. Not long after the passage of the "Act" relating to "religion," the Protestants, it is admitted, outgrew their Roman Catholic brethren; and, in 1689, succeeded very easily in their attempt to overthrow the proprietary. But judging from the composition of the juries, in 1655, we see no reason to believe they then had a majority. In the trial of the *Piscataway* Indians, during the year 1653—a case where religious bias, we may suppose, could exert but little influence on the selection of the jurors—it would be safe to assert, that, at least, twelve (or one half of the panel) were Roman Catholics. In the cases of Robert Holt and the Rev. Wm. Wilkinson, in 1659, evidence of the strongest character appears. For the trial of these cases, twelve fit Protestants could not be found at the provincial court held at St. Mary's, and usually thronged at that period with crowds of appellants and appellees; with witnesses in civil and in criminal proceedings; with spectators, and many other residents of the province! Immediately afterwards a verdict, in another case, was given by a jury taken, apparently, from the bystanders, and consisting of not less than six Roman Catholics, nor more than two Protestants (one, if not both, non-residents of St. Mary's county), exclusive of the four, who had been summoned in the cases of Messrs. Holt and Wilkinson.

But the wills furnish the best clew to the faith of our early ancestors—precious memorials of the past—ripe harvest fields of rich historical lore—giving us the best glimpse of our primitive life and manners—and bringing us into close and living sympathy with the state of society, two hundred years ago. But more beautiful are they than precious. For they touch our hearts. They breathe the spirit of parental affection, in all its depth and wild intensity. They point from the rude home, where the weary pilgrim of the forest lies down to die in his humility, to a bright and everlasting mansion prepared for him in the skies! This day, they speak—voices from the dead—a willing testimony to a mighty truth in the history of a continent, and to a sublime doctrine of the Christian religion! More of them emanate from a Roman Catholic than from a Protestant source. The will of William Smith, one of the original pilgrims of 1634, appears upon the first page of the oldest testamentary record at Annapolis; and contains the living evidence of his faith in the church of Rome. It would be difficult to give all the recorded confessions, or the half of those little testimonials of love and fidelity, which were bequeathed to the same church, during the fifty years succeeding the settlement at St. Mary's. But it will be sufficient to say, the Roman Catholic greatly exceed the number of Protestant wills; and of the latter (or those having any sort of anti-Roman Catholic mark), many are signed by the Quakers—a denomination, of whom there is no trace upon the provincial records, as early as 1649.

Counting the suitors and freeholders of the different manors, with all the indented white servants, it is highly probable, that every hundred of St. Mary's county, except St. George's, had a majority of Roman Catholics, in 1649. Excluding the servants (a large class, at that time), there can be little doubt upon the point of mere numbers, and none whatever with regard to superior influence. Even, in 1650, St. Mary's hundred was represented by two disciples of the Roman church; and there also was the seat of the proprietary's government. In St. Michael's, were the three manors of Governor Leonard Calvert, to say nothing of other evidence. Doctor Thomas Gerard was the lord of two large manors, in St. Clement's; and Newtown had more estates with the prefix of St. than any hundred erected before or after the year 1649. St. Inigo's was probably not carved out either of St. Mary's, or of St. Michael's, before the year 1650;

but included a manor held by the missionaries as early as 1639, with the manor-house, or supposed seat of one of the interesting little Roman Catholic missions.

Nor ought the activity of many of the priests, in converting the Protestants; or the large number of emigrants they also had introduced; be omitted in this outline of the evidence. For some of the methods they adopted in the propagation of their faith, writers of a different church have censured them. But the very reproach implies a concession. Before the year 1649, they labored with their lay-assistants, in various fields; and around their lives will for ever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert; and their first chapel, the wigwam of an Indian. Two of them were here, at the dawn of our history: they came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted, by pious rites, in laying the corner-stone of a State; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of Christ to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices, and successes of her early missionaries.

Looking, then, at the question, under both of its aspects—regarding the faith, either of the delegates, or of those whom they substantially represented—we cannot but award the chief honor to the members of the Roman church. To the Roman Catholic freemen of Maryland, is justly due the main credit arising from the establishment, by a solemn legislative act, of religious freedom for all believers in Christianity."

THE CHURCHES OF ROME.—Nor can even a Protestant and a layman be insensible to the spirit which hangs over them all, and is felt by every one who crosses the threshold of the humblest and plainest, unless he be the lightest of scoffers or the sourest of Puritans. They are open at all times, spreading out their benignant arms of invitation, and, in the spirit of the Saviour, bidding all who are weary and heavy laden to come to them and seek rest. No surly official stands at the entrance to scowl away the poor Christian that does not wear the wedding garment of respectability. The interior is not cut up into pews, protected by doors that are slow to open, and often guarded by countenances that are slow to expand into a look of invitation. The deep stillness, felt like a palpable presence, falls with a hushing power upon worldly emotions, and permits whispers, unheard in the roar of common life, to become audible. The few persons who are present are either kneeling in silence, or moving about with noiseless steps. In the windless air, the very tapers do not tremble, but burn like painted flames upon painted candles. Of those who have spent any considerable time in Rome, at least, of those who have lived long enough to feel the dangers and duties of life, there are but few, I think, who will not be disposed to thank the churches of Rome for something more than mere gratifications of taste; for influences, transitory, perhaps, but beneficent while they last; for momentary glimpses of things spiritually discerned; for a pretence that calms and a power that elevates. Protestant ideas are, in my opinion, not weakened by a residence in Rome; but Protestants, in aiming at the reverse of wrong, have not always hit upon the right. The Roman church, especially, is wiser in providing so much more liberally for that instinct of worship which is a deep thirst of the human soul. I envy not the head or the heart of the man who, when he sees the pavement of a Catholic church sprinkled with kneeling forms, rapt with devotional fervor, is conscious of no other emotion than a sneering protest against the mummeries of superstition. We walk in darkness, among pitfalls and snares, and the riddle of life that is around us can only be solved by looking above us. If the swinging of a censer and the tinkling of a bell can help men to lift their thoughts from the dust of earthly passions, let their aid be accepted, and let the end consecrate the means.

Fillard.

STATISTICS OF THE WORLD.—We find the following statements in one of our exchanges. We cannot vouch for the entire accuracy of all the figures. Some of the statements are undoubtedly correct; others we have not found time to investigate. The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 8,064; 587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of 7 years; one half before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a facility refused to one half of the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of

life; to every 100 only six reaches the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to see 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,334 every day, 3,788 every hour, and 60 every minute or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 74 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are the most robust. Births and deaths are most frequent by night. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

THE RUINS OF NETLEY ABBEY.—A turn in the road presently brought me upon the magnificent remains of this famous Abbey. . . . Advancing a little way up what was once the nave [the author is in England, and consequently is describing the "remains" or "ruins" of religious edifices], I obtained an interior view of the spacious ruin, which was wonderfully grand, and impressive, and beautiful. The form is the usual one of a cross, and the walls are perfect, except the north transept, which has been demolished. . . . The whole structure is one homogeneous creation of art—an art so complete that nothing could soar above its powers of expression, and nothing could fall below the range of its appropriate forms . . . Three centuries of decay rest undisturbed upon the shrine of ancient Faith. The floor is covered with the rubbish of arches and columns, and overgrown with a profusion of flowers. Bushes, almost trees in size, grow upon the top of the wall over the east window. . . . It needed but little aid from fancy to feel that nature, with religious instinct, had been busied in concealing and repairing the ravages of man; had pleased herself, through successive years, to arch anew the fallen ceiling, and reconstruct the long perspective of the aisles. I sat musing for some time in this interesting ruin, which is now an august and lovely cathedral of natural sentiment, as it once was of holy truth. Ruin seemed to have invested itself in its most enchanting traits, as if to reconcile us to its devastation of so much elegance.

Wallace.

A WONDERFUL MIRROR.—Among the curiosities to be met with in the Paris Exhibition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection, but your veritable self, *standing in the middle part between you and the mirror*. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body, and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought it to one of the French kings (if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV), placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword, and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he would never again look at the mirror or its owner.

When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the tree, and therefore the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.

VIRGINITY AND MODESTY.—When we see, in warlike rage, the barbarity of the conquerors remove all restraint from a licentious soldiery, and let them loose against the abodes of virgins consecrated to God, there is nothing but what may be conceived. But when these holy institutions are persecuted by system, when the passions of the populace are excited against them, by grossly assailing their origin and object, this is more than brutal and inhuman. It is something that cannot be described, when those who act in this way boast of being followers of the pure gospel, and proclaim themselves the disciples of him who in his sublime counsels has pointed out virginity as one of the noblest virtues that can adorn the Christian's crown.

Woman without modesty may be an incentive to sensuality, *but will never attract the soul by the mysterious feeling called love.* It is very remarkable, that although the most urgent desire of the heart of woman is to please, yet so soon as she forgets modesty, she becomes displeasing and disgusting. Thus it is wisely ordained that what wounds her heart most sharply, becomes the punishment of her fault. Hence every thing that maintains in woman the delicate feeling of modesty, elevates, adorns, and gives her greater ascendancy over the heart of man, and creates for her a distinguishing place in the domestic as well as in the social order.

Balmes.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION AND THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—The King of Sardinia while in England boasted that his late predecessor had given to the Jews civil and religious freedom, while it is a well known fact that the principle had been laid down and practically enforced by the Popes above a thousand years ago in that very country of Sardinia. In the sixth century Sardinia and Sicily were part of the patrimony of St. Peter, and Gregory the Great issued orders that the Jews should be allowed to retain their synagogues in those countries, and when in Cagliari, one had been taken from them, commanded that it should be restored. For twelve centuries ago—ages before the march of modern "progress" and "enlightenment" had commenced, the Popes carried the principles into practice. It is recorded of the same great Pontiff, that he showed the utmost moderation to heretics and schismatics; and those who have studied the history of the Papacy know that this has always been the course pursued by the Popes, and that the Holy See has ever been opposed to persecution simply for the sake of religion.

GOOD COUNSEL.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble come upon you, keep up your spirits, tho' the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence and God's assistance, a man or a child may be always cheerful.

Mind what you run after! Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or a fire work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriching him,
Makes me poor indeed.—*Shakspeare.*

Review of Current Literature.

1. PHOENIXIANA, OR SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES. By John Phenix. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If there be any one quality in an author that we like to see more than another, it is candor. The contrary quality is despicable every where; and no where more so than in authors. To read the prefaces of some books, one would really think that an extraordinary treat was about to be served up; the finale, however, irresistibly calls up the words of the old poet:

"Paturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Not so with the author of the book before us; he very candidly tells us that "he does not flatter himself that he has made any great addition to the literature of the age by his performance," and to be candid with our friend, we must say that we believe that he is a little more than half right. He neither aims at giving information, nor at elevating the standard of rhetoric or style: neither is he very conscientious about that science which gave one Lindley Murray so much trouble. Don Quixote like, he dashes away in pursuit of his object, little caring how he attains it. Nevertheless, Phenix has his merits. He is entitled to much credit for originality, and the power to elicit from his readers a hearty laugh; and this they are sure to have whether they peruse his lecture on astronomy, study his receipt for catching fleas, or run their eyes over his editorial sketches while presiding over the *San Diego Herald*. Of the latter the following is a sample:

"*Facilis decensus Averni*,"—which may liberally, not literally, be translated: it is easy to go to San Francisco—"Ames has gone; departed in the *Goliath*. During his absence, which I trust will be a twelvemonth, I am to remain in charge of the *Herald*, the literary part thereof,—I would beg to be understood—the responsible portion of the editorial duties falling upon my friend Johnny, who has, in the kindest manner, undertaken the 'fighting department,' and to whom I hereby refer any pugnacious or bellicose individual who may take offence at the tone of any of my leaders. The public at large, therefore, will understand that I stand upon 'Jo Haven's platform,' which that gentleman defined some years since to be the liberty of saying any thing he pleased about any body, without considering himself at all responsible. It is an exceedingly free and independent position, and rather agreeable than otherwise; but I have no disposition whatever to abuse it. It will be perceived that I have not availed myself of the editorial privilege of using the plural pronoun in referring to myself. I am 'a lone, lone man,' unmarried (the Lord be praised for his infinite mercy), and though blessed with a good appetite, which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble, still I do not think after all, that I have any claim to call myself *we*, and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity."

2. THE CATHOLIC QUESTION IN POLITICS. By a Kentucky Catholic. Louisville: Webb, Gill & Levering. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work consists of a series of twelve Letters, with a lengthy introduction, addressed to Mr. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*. The *Journal*, some time previous to the disgraceful election riots that occurred in that city during last summer, and since, has been most violent in its course towards Catholics, impugning their loyalty as citizens, maligning their creed, and casting obloquy upon the institutions of their church. The author of these Letters at length took up the gauntlet, and with a firm and vigorous hand, as with a two-edged sword, exposed the fallacies of the *Journal*, the sophistry of its reasoning and the ungenerousness of its course. The reader will find in them, not only an able refutation of the calumnies and misrepresentations of Mr. Prentice, but also of others like him, who, forgetful of those noble and generous impulses that ever distinguish the true American citizen, stoop to become the tools of the veriest bigots.

Convinced that these letters are calculated to do much good, by enlightening those who seek information, and by furnishing Catholics with the weapons to combat those who still persist in retailing slander and misrepresentation against the institutions of Catholicity, we wish them a wide circulation.

3. **MAN-OF-WAR LIFE:** a boy's experience in the United States Navy, during a voyage round the world, in a ship of the Line; and **THE MERCHANT VESSEL:** a sailor boy's voyage to see the world. By the author of "Man-of-war Life." Cincinnati: Moor, Wiltach, Keys & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

One would be apt to conclude from the title-pages of these two works, that very little reliable information could be gathered from their perusal. The *experience* of a boy! Experience is universally associated with age and with a long continuance amid the same scenes, the same habits, the same reverses, the same associations. The experience of a boy cannot be great or varied, and his unformed judgment bears with it the *prestige* of but little authority. Yet boys are the greatest of observers—the most acute investigators of mere facts—the most searching explorers of character. Henri Juvinal, that great fathomer of human nature, gives us this wary advice concerning them:

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

And in fact, if we reflect upon the interest we ourselves took in boyish days in real or fictitious narrative, and the readiness with which boys at school can decipher the weak points in the character of a school-mate, or of others who are thrown into contact with them, we will easily comprehend how it is, that in spite of their unripe judgment, they can be the very best babblers of facts, and can form a very correct opinion of those things which come under their daily observation. They have, moreover, at their command, more means of ferreting out matters than full-grown men—they witness various phases in human avocations which would be studiously concealed from others—they can thrust themselves in, where self-respect would keep others out—they can creep into holes that a man would never enter—they can be spoken to—they can be scolded—they can ask questions—and can learn more of the *ins* and *outs* of a place in a day than a man would in a month.

The works before us must be judged by this standard. Since they are chiefly descriptive and narrative, and indulge only in reflections upon character or matters of every day life, the "experience" of a boy is not only sufficient, but the best that can be given. The author has had the good sense not to attempt striking out into the deep water of abstract reflections, and dogmatic decisions, but seems to remember his title-page, though he certainly has ceased to be a "boy," and writes as he should do, like a man. The style of the volumes is plain, sometimes racy, and generally suited to the kind of subject treated of. A little more variety and piquancy in certain portions, would, we think, improve them. We have observed also that the author is occasionally ungrammatical, though generally the language is very correct, and sometimes beautiful.

Withal these volumes will be found well worthy of a perusal; they are interesting, abound in humor, and contain a great deal of useful information not only regarding a sea-faring life, but also respecting many countries which the author visited in his several voyages. We trust that the gentlemanly and enterprising publishers will never put forth any thing more objectionable than the entertaining volumes which are the subject of this notice.

4. **THE FORAGERS, or the Raid of the Dog-Days.** By *W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.*—and **BORDER BEAGLES,** a tale of Mississippi. By the same author. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The first of these works is particularly interesting. The scene is laid in South Carolina, during the most eventful period of the Revolution. The noble deeds of Marion, Sumpter, Perkins, Lee, and others of a kindred band of patriots, in whatever form they are presented, never fail to awaken deep and lasting interest. These deeds are interwoven in the tale, and impart to it no ordinary attraction.

The *Border Beagles*, though to our mind less attractive than the *Foragers*, is still a very readable volume. In it is presented, in Mr. Simms' pleasing style, a true picture of the life and manners of a new settlement. If there be any thing in it that we regret, it is the impropriety of the language occasionally put in the mouths of some of his characters. Language that we could not freely use in the domestic circle, should not be found in books designed for entertainment.

5. COUNT HUGO OF CRAENHOVE, and WOODEN CLARA. *From the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another volume of the series of excellent tales in course of publication by Murphy & Co., is here presented to the reader. It consists of two tales, one showing the misery of jealousy between brothers, and the other the evil of secrecy between husband and wife. They are admirably wrought out in the Christian style of Conscience. Indeed in the whole range of modern fiction we know of no better specimen of word-painting than the episode of Abulfaragus in the Count of Craenhove or the scene between mother and child in Wooden Clara. Both show the master-hand, and after the thrilling war-pieces of the Lion of Flanders and Veva, give us an enjoyment of a more quiet, it is true, but not of a less pleasurable kind.

6. TABLE TRAITS, WITH SOMETHING ON THEM. By Dr. Doran. N. York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We owe an apology to the Doctor for having kept his "Traits" so long upon our table without paying our respects to them. We hope, however, to meet with indulgence from the well known generosity of his nature, and the more readily we are sure, when we come to state the cause of our apparent neglect, and it is simply this: when we received the book we were so pleased with its truly entertaining traits, that we could not lay it down until we had completely read it through; (no slight task either in a book of nearly five hundred pages). Again we took it up, and again its fascinating pages led us on from chapter to chapter, until we had got to the very last sentence in the book. And thus it happened, every time we attempted to write about it, we were seized with a mania for reading it. At length we came to the conclusion not to notice it at all, and give this by way of an apology for saying nothing concerning it, leaving to our readers the rich treat they must have over the plates and platters of which the Doctor speaks. They will not find it, as they might imagine, a cook-book; by no means; it is all about dishes and "something" on them; of the time, the manner and peculiarities of custom which, from time immemorial, prevailed among the children of Adam in taking their food; the number and quality of the dishes, and other like etceteras.

But why has the Doctor marred the pleasure of his book by his repeated attempts to bring into ridicule the bishops and priests and members of the religious orders of the Catholic Church? Why these ungenerous attempts to rob them of the ennobling virtue of sincerity, and to throw obloquy on their religion by exhibiting the apparent austerity of their lives, as a mockery and sham? a cloak, beneath which they live in luxury and ease. But nothing, it seems, in this generation is so saleable in the literary market as that which is well seasoned with *anti-popery* ingredients. The Doctor knew this, and like the manufacturer of wares, he made the article to suit the taste of his customers.

7. THE LAKE SHORE; or the Slave, the Serf and the Apprentice. By *Emile Souvestre*. Translated from the French. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is an exceedingly interesting book, consisting of three distinct tales. The first is especially entertaining. The hero is a noble youth taken from Britton, while the island was a Roman province, and sold as a slave at Rome to a wealthy patrician. The youth is converted to Christianity, and finally suffers martyrdom for his faith. We cheerfully recommend the work.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—*First Class Reader.* By G. S. Hillard. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brown.—*The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph;—The Attaché in Madrid;—Elements of Logic.* By Henry P. Lappan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—*The Hamiltons, or Sunshine in Storm.* By Cora Berkley. New York: Dunigan & Brother.—*The Life of Guendaline, Princess Borgese.* By Rev. Father Hewit.—*The Seraph of Assisium.* By Rev. Titus Joslin. New York: P. O'Shea.—*Charlemont.* By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.;—*Maginn's Miscellanies.* New York: Redfield.

Editors' Table.

WELL nigh half the month has passed by, and yet half our labor remains undone. Our table—not a line of it yet committed to paper, though the printer's *angel* (we don't like that other word) has been dunning us for copy for a week past. Our readers, we know, are patient and generous with all; they will not find fault with us, especially during this penitential season. 'Tis the first spring month—March. It brings the return of the festivity of Ireland's Tutelar Saint; and not a line in anticipation of that festival with which to treat our readers. This is really too bad. But to-night we meet, and by hard labor, we may retrieve the time we have lost.

Such were our cogitations as we hastened from the tea-table to our sanctum. O'Moore had preceded us there. As we approached the door, we were somewhat startled by a sound issuing from our usually quiet quarters. We stopped and listened, and soon recognized the clear and sonorous voice of our friend, O'Moore, singing, in the happiest mood, an *Ode to St. Patrick's Day*, of which we were only able to distinguish the following stanzas:

Hail happy day! with joy once more,
We greet thy dawn in distant plains;
While Erin's sacred, hallowed shore
Each fondest, tenderest wish retains.
Though nature's charms around us smile,
And balmy zephers gently play,
Still our hearts, sweet native isle,
Shall turn to thee on *Patrick's Day!*

Hail happy day! thy lovely dawn
Recalls the past and brings to mind
The cherished home, the green-clad fields,
The bosom friends we've left behind.
Once more to thee the glass we'll crown,
To banish grief and care away,
And pass the flowing bowl around,
With shamrocks wreathed on *Patrick's Day!*

Hail happy day! may thy return
Bring freedom to my native shore;
And bid her children cease to mourn,
That leagued oppression is no more.
Yes, be their tears, their sighs, their chains,
Soon dried, suppressed and torn away,
While their harp's unfettered strains
Sound sweetly wild on *Patrick's Day!*

Our entry cut short the pleasing melody; and this we regret, as Mr. O'Moore would not consent to show us the manuscript, saying jocosely, that we had heard enough of it.

"We are happy, Mr. O'Moore, to find you so agreeably occupied, and deeply regret our interruption."

"No apology is necessary, Mr. Oliver. While waiting your coming, I was repeating some lines to Father Carroll, when he suggested that they were exactly adapted to the well known air of —, and I was just trying how they would suit."

"The feast of Saint Patrick is suggestive of many pleasing and sad reminiscences to the Irish emigrant."

"Yes, Mr. Oliver, on that festival the Irish heart throbs with emotions, deep and endearing emotions. Whatever be his condition, or wherever he may be cast on this troubled orb, no matter how far he may be from his own green isle, the son of Erin revisits her shores on the festival of Ireland's Tutelar Saint. On this day the scenes of former years rise up before him. He is transported in thought to the banks of the Liffy, the Ban, or the Blackwater, or he treads with lightsome step the shores of her enchanting lakes, hallowed in his memory, by all the associations of early childhood. He mingles again with the companions of his boyhood, and roams in sportive glee over the green

hills so familiar to other days; or he stands, as in times of old, with soul enraptured, to listen to some way-faring minstrel as he strikes his harp to the numbers of Ireland's Tutelar Saint. He visits again the 'old church yard,' and bends, it may be, over the parental grave, and whispers a *requiem* for the souls of those who so fondly cherished and loved him. He stands again on the spot, ay, the sacred spot, where the aged father plighted the last adieu; where a mother, a fond, a doting mother, clung for the last time to his bosom, and pressed a fervent kiss upon his tear-moistened cheek. He hears anew the parental blessing, 'God speed you, my child,' as he finally departs to seek a home in the land of the stranger.

"These, Mr. Oliver, and a thousand similar reminiscences are recalled to the Irish bosom by the return of *Saint Patrick's day*. The Irish heart feels their influence, as none other can feel them, and is forced to give utterance to its emotions in the language of song.

"Our readers, Mr. Oliver," continued Mr. O'Moore, as he walked the room with his arms folded upon his breast; "our readers, I know, will indulge me a little this month. I feel that I have a *carte blanche*, if not to roam in the regions of fancy, at least to express the emotions, which St. Patrick's day spontaneously calls up in the bosom of an exile; to speak of 'old Erin,' in the language of a son that still loves her with undying affection. Yes, Erin,——"

Here O'Moore, growing animated and deeply pathetic, continued as it were by inspiration, and gave utterance to the following beautiful stanzas:

Yes Eris! my country, although thy harp slumbers,
And lies in oblivion in *Tara's* old hall,
With scarce one kind hand to awaken its numbers,
Or sound a lone dirge to the son of Fingall;
The trophies of war may hang there neglected,
For dead are the warriors to whom they were known,
But the harp of old Erin will still be respected
While there lives but one bard to enliven its tone.

Oh Erin! my country, I love thy green bowers
No music to me like thy murmuring rills,
Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And nought is more dear than thy daisy clad hills;
Thy caves, whether used by thy warriors or sages,
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,
And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart.

Britania may vaunt of her lion and armor,
And glory when she her old wooden walls views,
Caledonia may boast of *Pebrook* and *Claymore*,
And pride in her philabeg, kelt, and her hose;
But where is the nation to rival old Erin?
Or where is the country such heroes can boast?
In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,
And bold as the eagle that bounds on her coast.

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale,
In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle
And grows undisturb'd 'midst the moss of the vale;
Then hail! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean!
Thou land of *Saint Patrick*, my parent a grah!
Cold, cold, must the heart be, and void of emotion,
That loves not the music of "Erin-go-bragh!"

"I am delighted with these stanzas, Mr. O'Moore," said Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the last line. "There is a smoothness in the verse that pleases the ear, and a pathos in the numbers that touches the chords of the heart."

"They are only a sample, Rev. Sir," replied O'Moore, "of old Irish poetry, or rather of true Irish feeling and sentiment, done up in an English dress—a feeling and

sentiment inherited by every Irish exile wherever he may roam. Ireland is the land of song, of genius and inspiration. Her sons inherit her spirit, and wherever you find Irishmen (and where will you not find them), there you will find poets. Often beneath a homespun garb is concealed a gem of intellect, a genius that needs only to be touched, to be awakened into life and energy. Of this I had recently a striking illustration. I was applied to for employment by a hardy son of toil, who had become the victim of that heartless system of proscription, which, in those latter times, has prevailed to a certain extent even in this free land, where, alas! it seems the stranger is no longer a welcome guest. His religion and his country was his crime; on account of these he was discharged from the workshop where for years he had earned an honest livelihood by the sweat of his brow. His soul, however, disdained to repine, and with a cheerful heart sought a more genial sphere for the labor of his hands.

But for employment, I had none to give him, and asked him jocosely in the course of conversation, if he could write poetry; to which he replied that occasionally he was guilty of the like; and taking his pencil, he wrote almost impromptu, the following verses as expressive of the noble feelings that reigned in his soul:—

DON'T MURMUR AT YOUR LOT.

Friend of my heart this goblet sip,
'Twill sooth your grief and pain;
'Tis not a draught that sears the lip,
Or tongue with oaths profane;
But out of Nature's sparkling spring
This beverage is got,
And whilst you drink I'll sit and sing,
Don't murmur at your lot.

And though a homespun garb you wear,
Not cloth of superfine;
And if on coarsest food you fare,
Don't murmur or repine;
Although the snow may drift between
The shingles of your cot,
And feel harsh winter's breathings keen—
Don't murmur at your lot.

And if obliged to roam the earth,
Exiled from where you're born;
Or yet, exposed almost from birth
To buffeting and scorn;
Though tyrants haunt you to the grave,
Though wrongs are ne'er forgot;
Let no mean fears betray the slave,
Nor murmur at your lot.

You must not envy then the rich,
Because that you are poor;
Although you labor in the ditch
Or sleep upon the floor;
Let nothing earthly tempt your eye,
Keep free of stain or blot;
And when the eve of life draws nigh,
Your's is the safest lot.

"The verses are not faultless," continued O'Moore; "nevertheless they contain lessons that all may study with profit."

"Before leaving the subject of poetry," said Father C., "here is a short contribution in that line from a western friend, which will please and delight our readers. It is a beautiful allegory under which our holy church is represented as a mighty stream, rolling onward through ages, and from which countless millions draw the living waters of truth. Be so kind, Mr. O'Moore, as to read it."

O'Moore took the paper and read as follows:

THE STREAM OF THE DESERT.

Upspringing in the desert wild,
In peace a crystal fountain rose,
And to its waters countless tribes
Draw near that it may heal their woes.

In growing power it rolls along
A mighty flood, where navies ride
Armed with the spear and shield of truth
To guard the treasures of the tide.

The sun shines on it from his throne,
The queen of heaven on it streams
Her soft and pearly floods of light,
The bright star in its bosom gleams.

In peace, far from the murmuring shore,
The sheltered isles upon it rest,
Like jewels on a virgin's brow,
Or children on a mother's breast.

Upon its smile the lilies feed,
The roses glow with love's own fire,
And healing winds their fragrance bear
To stir meek souls with pure desire.

And on it flows, and still must flow
Until it clasps the willing world
With healing arms, and sin and wrong
Shall to their dark abodes be hurl'd.

And all to whom that water comes
Shall live when time's thick veil is riven;
And, wafted by the breath of love,
Shall gain the calm eternal heaven.

Milwaukee.

FIDELIA.

"Beautiful verses, Father C," exclaimed O'Moore, as he finished the last line.
"Put them down, by all means, for the next number."

"How are you pleased, Mr. O'Moore, with our friend W's article on *Ancient Music*?" enquired Father Carroll.

"Perfectly enraptured with it, Rev. Father. It is a worthy tribute to that beautiful art. Our warmest thanks to the author for this his first contribution, with an assurance that his offerings shall be ever welcome to our table. He wields a pen too able and too graceful to remain idle; and if we may venture to suggest a theme worthy of its power, it would be that the author pursue the same beautiful subject during the period of modern history—to trace the progress of harmony and song, since the time when they were first dedicated upon the Christian altar."

"Is that your promised review of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*?" enquired Mr. Oliver, pointing to a roll of paper which lay before Mr. O'Moore.

"This is my review of that beautiful poem," replied O'Moore, holding up the roll.

"But I regret that it is too lengthy for insertion in the present number, and must necessarily be deferred to the next."

"Here is a book," said Mr. Oliver, "which politeness alone would induce us to consider, since it is the production of an English lady, the daughter of a peer, and a maid of honor to the queen."

"And what is it all about?" asked Mr. O'Moore; "some new perfectionist novel, full of tender feeling for a clique, and of bitterness for every one outside of the charmed circle?"

"By no means. It is a book of travels through the United States."

"Travels in the United States by an English woman?" exclaimed O'Moore; "away with it then! we have had enough of Trollopes and Martineaus for the rest of our existence. For my part, I am heartily sick of their flippant wisdom and voluble abuse."

"Had ye ot better ascertain the spirit in which it is written?" said Father Carroll, who had been turning over the leaves, during the conversation. "Here is a passage, for example, which strikes me as wonderfully fair and liberal, for a Scotch woman and a Protestant. It refers to a local institution, of which all classes and sects are justly proud.

"Mrs. W.—took me this morning to see Mount Hope, a lunatic asylum, managed by above twenty Sisters of Charity, who reside at a house in a very pretty situation, overlooking the city and the neighborhood. The sisters act under the direction of an excellent Protestant physician—Dr. Stokes. No bigotry upon either side mars Christian labor: love, cheerfulness, comfort and industry alleviate and bless the inmates of Mount Hope. A library of suitable and amusing books, objects of natural history, music, handiworks, are all at the disposal of the inmates; and though some must be under restraint, it is a restraint of the kindest and gentlest description."

"I do not see that we have reason to complain at least of that passage."

"I am sure I beg the lady's pardon with all my heart; she is very far from being a Trollope or a Martineau. But how is it about other things?"

"As for style," replied Mr. Oliver, "there is not much of that, since, as she tells us herself, the letters were written hastily and published without revision. Hence we must not be too severe upon her for defects of this kind. She seems to be a bustling, active, good-humored lady, with a passion for natural history, especially botany, and a great fondness for sketching picturesque scenes. These tastes she indulges by rambles in all sorts of wild places, though she entertains a true feminine horror of snakes. She hunts up the scientific men, wherever she goes, and they manifestly make a pet of her. She is quite delighted when Agassiz tells her that some fossils she has collected in Florida, are interesting as showing a green sand formation in a place not heretofore known to possess it. A wonderful command of temper too she possesses, for when a soldier in Havana knocks over a flower pot containing a new fern, which she has carried in her lap all the way from Florida, she does not abuse him for 'a horrid wretch,' but freely forgives him, on account of the rueful face with which he regards the ruin he has occasioned, and makes some very sensible philosophical reflections on the occasion. Neither does she lack courage, since in the face of no little opposition (one literary individual of positive opinions refusing to edit her book for her), she stoutly vindicates the South from the calumnious aspersions of Englishmen and abolitionists. Indeed the South seems to have taken a strong hold on her affections. She finds the men there handsome and more dignified, the women sweeter and more polished, than at the North. She gives proper credit to the self-sacrifice, and habitual good-nature of the slaveholder, qualities of which those who have never lived among them are not willing to acknowledge the existence. In doing this she by no means abnegates her nationality. She remains fervently British to her very heart's core, applauds the sentiment of her female travelling companion, who would not marry an American, if he were the President himself, and thinks 'that only the fear of starvation would induce an Englishman or woman to fix themselves for life in America.' This gives value to her warm defence of the 'peculiar institution,' and satisfies me that it is honest.

"Writing in haste, of course, she does not escape amusing mistakes. She mis-quotes names, and makes the usual blunders of Britons in our geography. Thus in a little table of our nicknames, she calls *Philadelphia*, the *Key State* and the *Quaker City*. Among the bleak hills of Rockbridge county, in January, she records a frosty night as a rare occurrence in Virginia. She rattles away at a prodigious rate, and is a vigorous partizan. She is deeply interested in the gubernatorial election of New York, and sympathises strongly with Mr. Seymour. In endeavoring to convey to her friends across the water some ideas of our party designations, she tells them that 'the American Democrat designates enlightened, consistent principles; the whig, narrow-minded, bigoted Republicanism.'

"Altogether, however, making all allowances for her proneness to take sides, her zeal and her haste, I think she has produced a readable, and very fair and honest book about America."

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTION.—We have received the Thirteenth Annual Report of this truly humane Institution, from our esteemed friend, Dr. Wm. H. Stokes, Attending Physician. Mount Hope, we may state, for the information of our distant readers, is an institution for the relief of persons afflicted with mental derangement, and located in the vicinity of our city; that the patients are nursed by the Sisters of Charity, who own the institution.

The Report commences with a general statement of the movements of the patients for the year ending January 1st, 1856. On the 31st of December, 1854, there were in the house 147 insane patients; 56 males and 91 females. During the year ending 31st of December, 1855, 95 were admitted; 49 males and 46 females, making an aggregate of 242 in the institution during the year. During the same period, 120 were discharged; 59 males and 61 females; leaving on the 31st of December, 1855, 122 patients; 46 males and 76 females. Of those discharged, 26 had recovered; 61 were improved; 19 were unimproved; 1 eloped, and 14 died.

We are happy to find, that this Institution, devoted to so benevolent, humane, and useful a purpose as that of administering to the wants and necessities of this most afflicted class of our fellow men, continues to maintain its high reputation for the successful cure of insanity. As each year rolls round, it is seen quietly but efficiently moving on in the fulfilment of the high purposes to which it is consecrated. It continues to enjoy, as the Report states, to a degree commensurate with the highest expectations and wishes of its warmest friends, the favorable consideration of the community in which it is situated, and from the number of patients collected within its walls from remote sections of the Union, its guardians possess the most ample and gratifying assurance of its wide-spread reputation abroad.

The Report proceeds to descant at some length on the benign principles and humane spirit which have been so conspicuous in modern times no less in the planning, organizing and managing asylums for the insane, than in the medical and moral treatment of the unfortunate subjects of this malady. But notwithstanding the vast improvements made in this field of philanthropy, and the general amelioration manifest in the condition of the insane, yet is the remembrance of the cruelties practiced under the old system far from being obliterated from the public mind. Insane hospitals are not yet divested of that deep-rooted prejudice which has sprung from the harshness and inhumanity prevailing in them up to the time of the advent of St. Vincent de Paul and Pinel. Many persons continue to invest them with a peculiar feeling of superstition and horror. But this feeling is gradually being dispelled as the community becomes more enlightened in regard to the real character of such establishments at this day, and the nature of the treatment now pursued for the relief of the insane. Antiquated notions and long established impressions are rapidly giving place to sounder views on this subject. And more than half this horror will be destroyed, and the chances of recovery increased, whenever the whole community can look upon the insane as upon other invalids, suffering under a disease as curable in the early stage as many others; and can believe that, when restored, an individual who has been thus afflicted, is as worthy of confidence and respect, and as capable of resuming his position in the world, as though he had recovered from a fever or other affliction, in which the manifestations of the mind had been temporarily deranged. The public will then be made to understand that an Insane hospital is only a place prepared by enlightened benevolence for the treatment of these affections, requiring as they do a greater diversity of means, and more varied and expensive arrangements than are available in the ordinary hospitals, or at their own homes. We trust, therefore, that the day is not distant when the advantages of these institutions will be generally appreciated, and that all will be ready to admit, that, in a well conducted asylum alone, can be concentrated those diversified influences, moral and medical, which are essentially necessary for re-establishing and re-invigorating the enfeebled and disordered mind.

The Report proceeds to state, that at Mount Hope moral influences are brought to bear upon the patient the moment he crosses the threshold. This real treatment begins from the moment he enters the asylum. The aspect of the place, the first faces he sees, the first words addressed to him, the first day, almost the first hour spent in the asylum modify all the impressions made upon him afterwards. Patients frequently allude to these things long afterwards. One of the very first measures adopted here in all cases, is to administer a warm bath, and then to clothe them in clean and comfortable apparel. Their clothes, often ragged and dirty, torn and soiled in violent struggles before arriving,

are removed. This early attention to their physical comfort and satisfaction, accompanied with other marks of care and kindness, often serves more than all things else to imprint a favorable impression on the mind of the patient, and tends to reconcile the most timid to all the strangeness of a lunatic asylum. After the bath, some good food is supplied him, and generally partaken of eagerly. By such means the confidence of the patient is early acquired, and he is disarmed of those insane suspicions which have been rivited on him by the harsh treatment and galling restraint previously resorted to. With the most considerate kindness on the part of the Sisters, and an earnest zeal that never wearies in the labor of alleviating human suffering, and with their characteristic gentleness, is this mild and benignant system seen to pervade all the operations and arrangements of the house. Here nothing is neglected, or thought too trivial to deserve attention. The clothing, the diet, the exercises, the occupation, the amusements, the arrangements about the bed-rooms, the corridors and day-rooms, the encouragement given to the desponding, the indulgence shown to the wayward and fretful, the care bestowed upon the imbecile and helpless, all these things are here brought into active play and daily exercise, for the special benefit of its inmates. We have in these words strikingly displayed the blessed fruits of true Christian love and charity brought into active exercise in alleviating this most disastrous of all human maladies. Here the law of humanity and kindness pervades every department, prompts every duty, and governs the conduct of every one to whom is committed the care of the patients. The Sisters themselves perform all these duties; they constitute the nurses, and administer to the wants and necessities of the afflicted inmates. It is the only institution for the insane in this country, where the Sisters of Charity perform these anxious and responsible duties. And no doubt they possess for this important and delicate task, qualifications of the highest order. By long experience and practice, they must have acquired a superior aptness in regulating the conduct of patients of this class, in controlling the excitement, in restraining the waywardness, and removing the mental depression from the minds of the afflicted subjects that here surround them. To discharge properly and faithfully these duties must indeed demand a rare combination of qualities. Attendants on the insane must necessarily be subjected to many circumstances well calculated sorely to try the patience of the most self-possessed and self-denying Christian. How important therefore, that these poor sufferers should be under the care and guardianship of persons actuated by the pure motives and exalted principles of the Sisters of Charity.

Passing on from this subject we find in the Report numerous statistics presented in a tabular form of a highly interesting character. Under the head of the supposed causes of insanity in the 242 cases under treatment the last year, some cautionary and very judicious remarks are thrown out on the danger of overtaxing the mind. Several cases have seemed to be attributable to this cause—hence it observes: "When it is shown what an extensive influence strong mental exertion, and the undue excitement of the passions exert in producing insanity, a most salutary warning is given against over-exertion of the mind, against a too eager ambition after wealth or the honors of life. They point out to mankind the superior advantages of moderation in the pursuit of knowledge or of gain, or of whatever the energies may be directed to. To men of science and of the various professions, they teach the danger of persisting in employing the brain without allowing it needful rest and relaxation. Insanity, in its various forms, is by no means an unfrequent result of an over-worked mind. The histories of the many victims to intellectual toil raise a warning voice against taxing too far the powers of the mind. For unfortunately, manifold instances are annually presented to us of men of this class, in whom a short maniacal attack is but the precursor of an old age of mental imbecility. . . . To avoid this dread calamity it is only necessary to labor in humble subjection to the laws of our mental and corporeal well-being. Thus the mind, far from being enervated by action, rather gathers strength, and in accordance with the order of Divine Providence, undergoes that healthy and progressive development which fits it for usefulness."

Having thus noticed at considerable length the prominent topics touched upon in this Report, we are obliged to omit any reference to the means of occupation and recreation provided for the patients. We shall conclude therefore by calling attention to the plan proposed for extending relief to a very deserving class of indigent insane. "We refer to those stricken with this sad affliction whose circumstances are limited, such as mechanics and others, on whose exertions the support of a family has depended. Generally speaking the little savings of such are soon exhausted in the effort to pay the expenses of their board and medical attendance. Often these cases after a few weeks trial of treatment are withdrawn, because of the utter inability longer to maintain them at the institution. How many are there every year of this character, who perhaps in a very brief period more might be perfectly and permanently restored to reason! and how vast the amount of good that would be conferred by the establishment of a fund for their benefit and relief! We earnestly present to the benevolent these unfortunates as

legitimate and deserving objects upon whom to bestow their fostering care and offerings of charity. No better method could be adopted, we conceive, for the relief of this worthy class of insane, than the endowment of *free beds* by individual or associated bounty, as has been long the practice in European cities. Accordingly we present this as a favorable form in which individuals or societies may contribute to the means of good which this Institution is calculated to accomplish. *Three thousand dollars would maintain a free bed or apartment perpetually or as long as the Institution exists, and this apartment so endowed would always be designated by the name of the donor.* For this sum bequeathed to the Asylum, the giver would enjoy the happy reflection that by means of his generous bounty, some son or daughter of affliction would as long as the establishment continues its career, be receiving all the advantages it is capable of conferring, for their restoration to reason."

THE LECTURE OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—We had intended to insert entire, in the present number, the Lecture of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, delivered in this city on the 17th ultimo. Since then, however, it has been widely circulated throughout the country by the numerous Catholic journals, and its contents by this time are doubtlessly familiar to most of our readers. This precludes the necessity of inserting it at length, or even of taking from it any lengthy extract. There is one point in the lecture, however, to which we would call the attention of our readers, as it may serve to furnish them with the means of refuting an absurd and silly charge, so often brought against their Holy Church.

We have heard it reiterated time and again, that Catholicity cannot endure the broad light of free investigation; that whenever it is brought in contact with a free government, liberal principles, and an untrammelled press, it diminishes and falls to decay; that the Catholic Church is only suited for a monarchical rule, that the clergy and the bishops seek to retain the people in ignorance, as the best means of keeping them attached to their faith; that Catholics cannot be trusted in their loyalty to republican institutions. The illustrious Prelate clearly demonstrates the absurdity of these charges by the simple recital of the unparalleled prosperity of the Church in this free land, since the period when our government was moulded into its present form—her vast increase in numbers and efficiency, and the grandeur of her institutions. "Within the period to which I have referred," says the Archbishop, "the adherents of the Catholic religion have evinced no special love for that state of society in which their enemies pretend they prosper best. If any say you love darkness, point to your colleges. Was it the love of darkness that stimulated a poor population to establish those institutions of learning? If any say you are disloyal to the country, point to every battle from the commencement of the country, and see if Catholics were not equal in the struggle, and as zealous to maintain the dignity and triumph of the country as those with whom they fought! Nor was it in the contest with Great Britain alone, against whom it is supposed we have a hereditary spite, but against Catholic Mexico, they fought with an equal courage. Although they aimed the point of the sword at the breast of their brother Catholics, they aimed it not the less, and in every contest they endeavored to maintain liberty as well as right. Courage is one thing and engaging in the contest is another. And when allusion is made to their social qualities, may you not point as an answer to the fact that when pestilence and plague had spread their dark pall over your city, they were ready to go with others into the glorious work of charity and humanity; and, if necessary, sacrifice their lives to mitigate pestilence and disease."

Again speaking of the various elements of increase of Catholicity in this country, the learned Prelate uses the following language:

"A third element is that of Conversion, and so far as it is a test question, here is a true test; whether or not Catholicity can compare with any other denomination of Christians, where there is neither popularity on the one side nor prejudice on the other. It is the number of conversions; for while many speculate, and admit, with expressions of gratitude, that the Catholic Religion is useful and beneficial to mankind, they say that, in her regions of despair and darkness, it never can bear the test of light in the presence of equal education. And here is the test: when I say Conversions, not in boastful terms, but which we ascribe to the Almighty, I mean those of American birth, freemen who love freedom, who would not sacrifice legitimate freedom while embracing Catholicism—and who, understanding both sides of the question, have not hesitated to make sacrifices of worldly interests and advantages—for what purpose? to bear testimony to the truth which they had examined and which came under their notice, and by an act of simple faith embraced. Not worldly motives. And here is the field and theatre, the sphere, on which, it was said, it could not stand!"

Record of Events.

From January 20, to February 20, 1856.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The Holy Father has directed by letters addressed to the Secretary of State, that Cardinal de Reisach is to be added to the Cardinals composing the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, of examination of Bishops, of the Index and of Ecclesiastical Studies. By other letters his Holiness has nominated advisers to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences of Holy Relics, Mgr. Ligi Busi, Vicar of Rome; Mgr. Palermo, Sacristan to his Holiness; Mgr. Ferrari, Prefect of Pontifical Ceremonies; and Mgr. Capatti, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Mgr. de Segur, who had so long filled the post of Auditor of the Rota, has been recalled by his sovereign, the Emperor of France, who appointed him one of the Episcopal Canons of St. Denis. The Pope, previously to his departure, nominated him Bishop, but without stating by what title he is to be designated.—Father Djunkovsky, the distinguished Russian convert, lately left Rome on a mission to the North Pole, under the title of Apostolic Prefect of the North Pole Mission, which has recently been conferred upon him.—Prince Corsini died at Rome on the 6th of January, in the 88th year of his age.—Father Dardeunes, late a captain in the French Artillery, and now a priest of the Dominicans, has left Rome for the Crimea as chaplain in the French army.—The excavations which commenced some time ago on the Aventine Hill are being actively prosecuted, under the direction of the Dominican Fathers of St. Sabine, and are constantly producing objects of great interest, which date from the time of ancient Rome. All these articles are placed in a large hall of the Dominican Convent, and the intention is to form a museum of them after a short time. Excavations are also being effected in the Appian Way, and always with satisfactory results, and the works of restoration are being proceeded with without ceasing in the Coliseum.

SARDINIA.—The spirit of irreligion still prevails in this country. The Municipal Council of Turin has decided by a small majority to deprive the Christian Brothers of the direction of the Communal Schools. The people have petitioned the Intendant General of Turin, praying him not to give his sanction to the action of the Council. It is further stated that the Brothers, if the measure goes into effect, will be supported by private subscription, and that their schools will be continued. As the king returned from his late visit to England, he passed through Chambery. While there he was waited on by a deputation of one hundred ladies of the principal families in the place, bearing a petition that the Convent of the Sacred Heart might be preserved and permitted to remain in that city. The lady who addressed his Majesty in the name of the fair deputation, was the Countess de Costa. The king, with much embarrassment, finally promised to do whatever he could in their favor. The sequel, however, proved how little he concerned himself about the matter; for within eight days after this interview, an order came from the minister to the effect that the ladies of the Sacred Heart should either submit to the public examination or leave the city.

SPAIN.—Nothing of striking interest has taken place in this country during the last month. The Cortes, we learn by late arrivals, are not all together pleased with the conduct of the Ministry, and passed a vote of censure on the latter by a majority of 152 to 57.

FRANCE.—A month ago Europe was held in suspense awaiting the deliberation of Russia respecting the peace propositions offered by Austria in behalf of the allies; and when it was announced that Russia had accepted the propositions as the basis of a negotiation for terminating the war, the most intense excitement prevailed. The Emperor Napoleon received the despatch, announcing the important measure, while holding the

Council of War, and read it to the assembly. Upon this the Duke of Cambridge arose, saying that his mission to Paris was ended, and that he might take his leave and return to London. Preliminaries of peace are said to be already prepared, and only await the signature of the powers to give them effect. A general Congress has been proposed for settling the difficulties between the belligerent powers, and Paris has been selected as the place for holding it.—A plot against the government is reported to have been discovered at Rochefort, but the particulars have not transpired.—The Archbishop of Paris has ordered the curé of every parish in his diocese to open a depot for the reception of old clothes, damaged or worn out furniture, and broken victuals, for the use of the poor.—The Archbishop of Lyons has published a circular stating, at his request, the Abbé Millois will shortly commence the publication of a series of popular works, suitable for the education of youth. The design of these works is to combat every tendency to irreligion and atheism.—It is also stated that an eminent Parisian publisher is engaged in issuing a translation of the works of the celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine, including his sermons and ascetic treatises.—*Death of the Abbé Rohrbacher.*—The learned and pious Abbé Rohrbacher recently died at Paris, surrounded by a few particular friends, and breathing to the last moment that fervent love of God, and attachment to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, which distinguished him through life. The chief work of the Abbé is his "History of the Church," extending from the time of the apostles to the year 1852. Besides this, he wrote the "Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year," in six volumes. He was also the author of various occasional volumes, and at the moment of his death was preparing for publication other important works.

ENGLAND.—Parliament was opened on the 31st of January, and the Queen addressed the Houses in a speech, touching chiefly her relations abroad, referring to the operations of the allies, and announcing that negotiations had been entered into for the purpose of bringing about a permanent peace. The fact that her Majesty omitted to mention or even allude to the United States, has elicited much surprise both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. This is the more remarkable as it is well known that there exists at present a difference of opinion between the two cabinets in relation to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. This was noticed at the time by the Earl of Derby, who said the royal speech was bare, cold and meagre. To this the Earl of Clarendon replied as follows, giving us the origin of the difficulties that exist between the two countries, and what has been done by his government in relation thereto:

"I wish to take an early opportunity of referring to the state of our relations with the United States. In my opinion there can be no doubt as to the common sense view of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and yet it is upon the interpretation of this treaty that a difference of opinion has arisen.

In such a case a correspondence is useless; and I lost no time in offering to refer the whole question to the arbitration of any third power—both sides agreeing to be bound by the decision. That offer has not yet been accepted. It has been renewed, and I hope that, upon further consideration, the United States Government will agree to it.

With respect to the recruiting in the United States, it would not have aided a friendly solution to allude to it from the Throne, inasmuch as the correspondence must have been produced, and correspondence still continues. The most recent demands of the Government of the United States have been received but two days, and are not yet in a state to be made public. The origin of the trouble was this: At the beginning of the war numerous foreigners in the United States applied to the British Government for permission to join the army in the East; in consequence of which instructions were sent to the Government of Nova Scotia to consider whether persons from the United States could be received at Halifax.

Mr. Crampton was at the same time informed that, anxious as England was for recruits, she was still more anxious there should be no violation or infringement of the municipal law of the United States. An agency office was opened, and upon complaint being made, Mr. Crampton desired it might be made public that the British Government did not recruit or raise soldiers in the United States; and he made known his instructions to Mr. Marcy, who then expressed himself satisfied.

Judge Kane had decided that to pay the passage of a man to a foreign port, and then enlist him, was no violation of international law, and those persons whose passages

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were paid to Canada West, as volunteers, were not bound to enter the British service. A correspondence of a not very amicable nature has taken place between the two Governments, but the transactions to which it refers are bygone transactions, and from the commencement the British Government has disclaimed infringing in any way the laws of the United States.

With the conduct of Mr. Crampton his Government is perfectly satisfied, for I am convinced that neither intentionally nor accidentally did he violate any law of the United States."

It is stated our minister, Mr. Buchanan, and Lord Clarendon had a meeting recently at the Foreign Office, where angry words passed between them in relation to the affairs of Central America.—An outrage was committed at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Leeds. Three persons burglariously entered the institution, and commenced to carry off the furniture, books &c., when they were discovered and captured by the police. They were tried and found guilty of the charge, but instead of being committed for felony, they were only fined \$25, each, to be paid to the Leeds Infirmary, a Protestant institution. It's a foul wind that blows good to no one.—*Conversions.*—The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, widow of the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Henniker, late Rector of Bealings in Suffolk, has recently been received into the Catholic Church by baptism at the hands of Dr. Manning. Lord Huntingtower, son of the Earl of Dysart, is amongst the converts to Catholicism.—*Death of the Bishop of Liverpool.*—Late advices from Europe bring the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, bishop of Liverpool. The lamented prelate departed this life on the 25th of January, in the 70th year of his age. *May he rest in peace.*

IRELAND.—One of the most remarkable institutions established of late years in this country, and one that seems destined to be productive of immense benefits to the people, is the Incumbered Estate Commission. The operation of this tribunal is producing a complete revolution in the agricultural and social condition of Ireland. From the Commissioner's Report recently published, we learn that in the counties of Galway and Mayo alone, 636,000 acres of ground, about one-fourth of the available land in these two counties, have changed hands within the last few years, and that petitions for the sale of other lands in different sections of the country are daily presented at the office of the Commission. The same report states, speaking of the incumbered estates at the time they were sold, that they exhibited little more than the primitive elements of agriculture, the land untouched by enterprise, unimproved by capital, and even its natural resources unnoted, except by the casual glance of the tourist in search of the picturesque. Now, on every side there are unmistakable signs of improvement and progress. Many estates are being furnished with well constructed farmsteads—drainage is becoming general—a higher style of farming is adopted, and the wages of labor are more than doubled within the last five years. These estates being cut up and sold in small parcels, have created a new class of proprietors, an independent, middle class, the want of which has been hitherto so injurious to the political and social interests of the country.—The Bishop and the clergy of the diocese of Cloyne have entered into a subscription for the purpose of erecting a diocesan seminary, and have already obtained for that laudable object nearly £1,000. In almost every section of the country evidences are given of the zeal of the clergy and the piety of the people. In the city of Wexford, the Rev. Mr. Roche has undertaken the building of two new churches, and among others who have liberally contributed towards the good work, is the Countess of Shrewsbury, who sent a donation of £50. But while Ireland is doing much in the cause of religion at home, she is laboring for the good of her holy faith in distant climes. On Sunday, January 6th, five nuns of the Order of Mercy and two postulants from the parent house, in Dublin, sailed from Kingstown *en route* for Buenos Ayres, accompanied by the Rev. John Cullen. The Rev. Anthony D. Fahy, of the Dominican order, for twelve years laboring amongst the Irish of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, has provided for the nuns and the priest. The same Rev. Father has a large building in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres, which he intends for an hospital, and another house for a school in the city. Already he has provided five students at All Hallows for the rising mission.

SCOTLAND.—It is gratifying to observe the daily evidence of the increase of Catholicity in this country. On the 6th of January the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gillis dedicated a new and beautiful church under the patronage of Mary the "Help of Christians," near Tullymet, Perthshire, the residence of W. Dick, Esq. This gentleman is a convert to Catholicity, and erected the church at his own expense.—*Two Priests poisoned.*—A sad occurrence of poisoning recently took place at the residence of Provost M'Iver, Dingwall. It appears that the party consisted of Provost M'Iver, Mr. L. M. Mackenzie, of Findon, two Catholic Priests, and several ladies. After dinner, and when the ladies had retired, the gentlemen were seized with pains in the throat and mouth, and in half an hour the two priests and Mr. Mackenzie were dead. Provost M'Iver is also in a hopeless state. The case is undergoing investigation. It is believed that the roast meat was garnished with hemlock, and that the wine excited the chemical action of the poison. The names of the priests are Rev. James Gordon, of Beaulay, and the Rev. Angus Mackenzie, of Eskadale, near the same place.

RUSSIA.—We have noticed elsewhere that Russia had accepted the peace propositions, and that the present aspect of things seems to favor a termination of the war. The proposals which Austria has put forth in her ultimatum, and which the Emperor Alexander has accepted, are five in number and may be thus briefly stated: 1st. The withdrawal of the Russian protectorate over the Principalities. 2d. The freedom of the Danube. 3d. The neutralisation of the Black Sea. 4th. A joint patronage, rather than a protectorate of the Turkish Christians by the Allied Powers, Russia to join them after the peace. 5th. A cession of a portion of Bessarabia, so as to remove the Russian boundary from the Danube, and make it coincident with the line of heights from Chotym to Lake Sasik. Special conditions are likewise reserved to the allied powers.

A Russian diplomatic circular has been issued in which Count Nesselrode makes known to the representatives of Russia, in foreign countries, the motives for accepting the propositions of Austria. The circular declares that Russia has made concessions with a view to the re-establishment of peace, out of deference to the representations of friendly powers, but not because the interests of Russia call for the conclusion of that peace.

It is gratifying to learn that the present Emperor of Russia is disposed to pursue a different line of policy from that of the late Emperor towards his Catholic subjects. From a letter in the *Universal German Gazette* we learn, that orders have been given by the Emperor Alexander scrupulously to observe, in the approaching election of the Catholic Archbishop of Wilna, the terms of the convention made with the pope. He has, moreover, ordered that means shall be placed at the disposal of all the Roman Catholic Bishops who participate in the election, in order to permit them to make the journey. Formerly many Bishops were prevented by want of means from taking part in these elections.

Though the prospects of peace seem to be good, nevertheless, the war preparations do not seem to slacken. A forced loan of 6,000,000 silver roubles has been imposed on Finland for its defence; and iron-coated floating batteries, similar to those of the Allies, are being constructed for the defence of Cronstadt.

THE CRIMEA.—Nothing of interest has transpired in this renowned battle ground during the last month. The Russians from the north side of Sebastopol still keep up an occasional firing, but without doing any damage to the allies. An armistice was expected shortly to be agreed upon until after the result of the Peace Congress now holding in Paris should be known.

PRUSSIA.—We learn from our foreign file that M. de Kettenbourg has at length obtained permission from the Grand Duke of Mecklenbourg Schwerin to have a Catholic Chaplain at his Chateau of Matgendorff for his family and followers. This concession to that distinguished convert to Catholicity was only made after three

years pleading. The Grand Duke's first refusal was referred to the Germanic Confederation, and that assembly would not interfere; now the privilege is given as a favor and not as a right. The Baron Hammerstein Gesmold has renounced Protestantism at Lunebourg, and his conversion has created a great sensation amongst his Protestant friends, who attribute his and the many other conversions in that country to the Catholic liturgy, and accordingly they have begun an evening service with ceremonies and liturgy. At Hanover the Protestants have even established the Mass. At Saxe Meiningen a peasant girl, who became a Catholic, was banished as a criminal, and for the sole change of her religion. On the Neckar a most respectable citizen was much persecuted, and for the same reason.

Nicaragua.—We have seen a few months ago that Col. Walker invaded Nicaragua, overturned the government and established a new republic, constituting himself President. This done, he sent a Mr. French as Minister to our government, but the Cabinet at Washington declined to recognize that gentleman in his official capacity. On the return of French to his government, Walker became greatly exasperated, and immediately suspended all diplomatic relations with the United States, by issuing the following manifesto:

The Provisional President of the Republic of Nicaragua to its Inhabitants:

Knowing with certainty that the Government of the United States, in opposition to the public opinion of that nation, declines to recognize the present administration of Nicaragua, and refuses to enter into relations with the Hon. P. H. French, its present accredited Minister near that Cabinet; in use of its powers:

To the Hon. J. H. Wheeler, resident Minister of the United States in Nicaragua:

SIR:—My government being well convinced that the present Cabinet at Washington, contrary to the popular wish of that nation, refuses its recognition, it becomes incumbent upon me to notify you that the powers conferred on Mr. P. H. French, the present Minister of Nicaragua, near the United States, have been this day revoked, and that he has been commanded to return to this city. At the same time I have to communicate to you in the name of my government, that in consideration of the aforesaid conduct of the government which you represent, all communication with you in the character of a Minister, resident of the United States, is from this day forward suspended.

I have the honor to offer you the assurance of my highest consideration. FERRER.

DECREE.

Article 1. All official communication with the Hon. J. H. Wheeler, Minister of the Government of the United States, residing in this Republic, is suspended.

Article 2. All the powers conferred upon Col. P. H. French, as Minister Plenipotentiary near that nation, are revoked.

Article 3. Let this decree be communicated to whom it may concern, and to the said Col. P. H. French, that he may return to this Capital to give an account of his mission. Given in Granada, the 22d day of the month of January, 1856. PATRICIO RIVAS.

To the Minister General, the Licentiate Don Fermin Ferrer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—Church Dedication.—The new church lately erected near Georgetown Cross Roads, Kent County, in this State, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the 3d instant. The solemn ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Foley, of the Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McManus, of St. John's, who celebrated Mass on the occasion. The church is a neat brick structure, 50 feet long by 36 wide, and the first we believe ever erected in that county.

Destruction of St. Mary's church, Govanstown.—This neat little church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father Courtney, was accidentally destroyed by fire on Sunday morning the 10th inst. Every thing was saved except the pulpit and organ. The building was totally destroyed, but was fully covered by insurance.

2. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—The opening of the First Provincial Council of New Orleans, an event that will long be remembered by the Catholics in that section of our country, took place in the Cathedral of St. Louis on Sunday the 20th of January. The Council was composed of the following prelates: Most Rev. Anthony Blanc, D. D., Archbishop of New Orleans; Right Rev. Michael Portier, D. D., Bishop of Mobile; Right Rev. John M. Odin, D. D., Bishop of Galveston; Right Rev. Andrew Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Little Rock; and Right Rev. Augustus Martin, D. D., Bishop of Natchitoches, with their Theologians, and five Superiors of Religious Congregation, who took part in the proceedings. The procession was formed at the episcopal residence, and moved thence to the Cathedral, where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop. After the gospel, the Right Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, preached in French, and at the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, an eloquent sermon was delivered in English, by the Rev. J. J. Mullon, pastor of St. Patrick's. The Council was then opened by the Archbishop, who presided as Metropolitan of the Province. The second public session was held on the Thursday following, when Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop for the repose of the souls of the Prelates who died during the last year, and a sermon in English preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston. The concluding session of the Council was held on Sunday the 27th of January, after which the prelates addressed a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Laity of their respective dioceses, replete with paternal admonitions and salutary counsels to Catholics, especially at this period of our country's history. Our space at present will not permit us to speak of this excellent Pastoral, we must therefore defer it to the next number.

3. **DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—An interesting ceremony took place on the 25th of January in the Cathedral of St. Joseph, Buffalo city. Brothers Henry, Timothy and John, of the Society of the Holy Infancy of Jesus, made their religious vows to the Rev. Father Early, Superior of this Order, in the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo, who founded this religious society for the protection and instruction of orphans and destitute boys. The Bishop addressed the Brothers and the large congregation present on the sanctity and duties of a religious life, and expressed a hope that the society, thus humbly begun, would rise and expand, and soon become equal to the wants of its institution.

4. **DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.**—*Ordination.*—The Right Rev. Dr. O'Regan, Bishop of Chicago, on the 6th of January conferred minor orders on Messrs. Wm. F. Herbert, James Moran, and Patrick Gaffney. On the two following days the Rev. Wm. F. Herbert received the holy orders of sub-deacon and deaconship, and on the 8th the same Rev. gentlemen was raised to the order of priesthood.

5. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—The Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn gave the white veil to Miss Julia McKenna, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in that city, on Wednesday, January 23d. Miss McKenna is the sister of the Rev. Mr. McKenna of this diocese, and took the name in religion of Sister Mary Frances.—A mission was commenced in the new church, "St. Mary, Star of the Sea," Brooklyn, on the 3d instant, under the direction of Fathers Walworth, Hecker, Hewitt and Deshon, of the Redemptorist Order, assisted by several other clergymen.

6. **DIOCESE OF MAINE.**—It is gratifying to observe the increase of Catholicity in this diocese, since the Right Rev. Dr. Bacon has been called to preside over it. Many new churches and missions have been erected through the zeal and energy of the clergy, and four or five others are now under contract to be commenced as soon as the weather will permit. At Manchester lately the Right Rev. Bishop confirmed 400 children, and 250 at Portsmouth.

Note.—The want of space compels us to omit the balance of our record relating to the affairs of the Church. The most important items will appear in our next number.

OBITUARY.—It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of the *Rev. Peter B. O'Flanagan*, of the Society of Jesus, who departed this life at Loyola College in this city on Tuesday morning, February 19th, in the 49th year of his age.

In the death of the worldling, of one who has lived in open violation of his duty to his God, there is something truly terrible; but when the just man is called to sever the ties that bind him to earth, he hears the summons with serenity and joy. To him death is but the gateway that opens to the joys of a better world. Beneath the shadow of the tomb he beholds, with the eye of faith, the beauty and the splendor of the eternal mansions. Such in truth was the death of our lamented friend. Having in early life bid adieu to the vanities of the world, he consecrated himself to God, devoting himself to the practice of those sublime lessons of poverty, chastity and obedience, in the society of which he was an exemplary member.

Father O'Flanagan was born in the county of Fermaugh, Ireland, on the 25th of June, 1807. Shortly after his arrival in this country, he took the holy resolution of consecrating himself to God in the Society of Jesus, and entered upon his novitiate at White Marsh, Prince George's County, in this State. Amidst the many trials which young novices experience, Father O'Flanagan retained an unbroken cheerfulness, affability, and mildness of disposition: virtues which endeared him to all and attended him through life. Being ordained after four years probation, he was appointed to the charge of Trinity Church, Georgetown, D. C., where his name and virtues are still held in grateful remembrance. His health for several years past was seriously affected, and every effort to stay the ravages of disease proved ineffectual. Fortified by the sacraments of the Church, he calmly breathed his last almost without a struggle. His remains were conveyed to Georgetown for interment, attended by the Professors of Loyola College and a large number of friends, who, on arriving in Washington, were joined by an immense concourse of persons. As the funeral cortege moved towards Georgetown, it was met by a procession of about 300 children attached to Trinity Church School, who had come to testify their respect for the remains of their former Father and friend.

Sister Mary De Sales Kelly died on the 3d of February, at the Convent of Mercy, Providence, Rhode Island, after a protracted illness, in the 21st year of her age.

Died, of consumption, on Sunday, 3d February, at the Ursuline Convent, Brown county, *Sister St. Clare*, aged 22 years. Deceased was a native of London, and a convert to the Catholic faith.

We are pained to announce the death of the *Rev. Father McCaffray*, late pastor of Richwood, in the diocese of St. Louis. The lamented deceased left home on the 5th of February to administer the last sacraments to a sick woman, and on crossing the Merimac river on the ice he was accidentally drowned. *May they rest in peace.*

SECULAR AFFAIRS.

THE SPEAKER ELECTED.—Congress organized on the 2d of February, after a two months' contest, by the election of N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, to the office of Speaker. This was accomplished by adopting the *majority rule*, and under this, Mr. Banks received 103 votes, Mr. Aiken, the Democratic candidate, 100, and a few scattered. Mr. Banks is a strenuous abolitionist, and a member of the American party.—**Minister to England.**—The Hon. George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Buchanan, at the Court of St. James. The Senate has confirmed the appointment, and the Hon. gentleman will shortly sail for London.

OUR LEGISLATURE AND THE CONVENT PETITION.—We regret exceedingly to behold that spirit of hostility to our holy religion and the institutions of the Catholic Church, which has of late years manifested itself in various sections of the country. We knew that there were rancor and bitterness in the minds of a few, quite sufficient to lead them to speak against Catholics, and even to traduce their institutions, but we scarcely

believed that there was in our midst a single individual with hardihood and effrontery enough to become the bearer of a petition to the Legislature of our State, invoking that body to violate the sacred rights of its citizens, and invade the homes of defenceless females. In this however we have been mistaken. A petition to that effect was borne to Annapolis by the Rev. Andrew B. Cross, and presented in the House of Delegates. It was indignantly objected to by Mr. Harris as an insult to the House. Upon this an animated discussion ensued, during which the Hon. Mr. Merrick, the able and eloquent champion of civil and religious liberty, made the following remarks:

"Mr. Merrick—Here is a great indignity offered this body—a false charge against a large, pure and respectable portion of our community, introduced and intended as a fire-brand, to excite malevolence, bitterness and ill-feeling, and is an insult to the House, to the community, and the State. It is false in every statement—in every inference, and those who are supporting the reading of it know it. The case of Olivia Neal, which is mentioned therein, is wholly false. I knew her from her birth, through her childhood and school days, and knew that she was deranged. Her family is subject to derangement and she had this infirmity, and yet Mr. Cross asserts that she was imprisoned against her will, and subjected to outrage, and all that, when he knew it to be false. This petition ought not to be received; it has been originated and introduced here for vile purposes—to excite fanaticism, encourage bigotry and intolerance, and engender a war of religion and persecution. I brand it as it deserves, an infamous proceeding."

"I ask now what members here are ready to bring upon themselves and their fellow-citizens, by receiving and considering this petition, the eternal and unenviable disgrace which now shrouds the State of Massachusetts! Is the State of Maryland, heretofore distinguished in the nation for liberal sentiments and enlarged views upon religious toleration, is it to be stained by the act of the Legislature in receiving a petition whose foundation, argument and prayer, is a direct attack upon the religion of others? Do you mean to go on in the diabolical work already begun in the United States, of interfering in matters of conscience, invading private property, insulting defenceless women, and engendering a strife which will desolate the land in misery and woe? If so, go on—the world will know why this petition was introduced, and who it is that are disposed to fan the flame of religious persecution, which will destroy all that is free, tolerant or noble in humanity?"

"As every man has the right to petition the Legislature, so the House has the prerogative of refusing it after being made aware of its contents. But is this a petition of citizens for the removal of a cause of grievance? No! It is a prayer made by a single open, avowed, bitter and bigoted enemy, to enter into the private houses of quiet, respectable and orderly citizens, of whom he is the open persecutor, and to do this in open violation of the law and the constitution. Persons who meddle with the affairs of no one, who neither annoy the public or deprive any of their privileges, who are known only by their good deeds of charity; who acted at Baltimore in the cholera season as nurses for the afflicted; who never disturbed the peace, but willingly sacrificed their lives for the public weal; and those who became aware of the perishable nature of all things, and feel the necessity of religion; who sacrifice themselves upon the sacred altar, and pass their days in penitential prayers, and in doing charities to all within their reach; (the fact of wrong by them being done to any man, Mr. Merrick defied to be mentioned), whose very lives are a reproach to us, these are to be hunted down, villified and persecuted because a malevolent foe should make a sweeping charge against them!"

After some further remarks from Mr. Travers and others, the petition was received and then laid on the table by a vote of 49 to 13.

PETITION TO REPEAL THE LAW EXEMPTING CHURCHES AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS FROM TAXATION.—A petition to this effect was presented in the Senate of this State on the 29th of January, by certain citizens of Frederick County. Mr. Semmes, Senator from Allegany county, being absent when the petition was offered, subsequently directed to have it entered on the journal that had he been present he would have voted against the petition for the following reasons:

"1st. Because exemption from taxation is a vested right belonging to the churches and literary institutions of our State, and that therefore it is not within our constitutional power to disturb that right, even though we were sufficiently barbarous in our taste to will it.

"2d. Because by the 41st Article of our Declaration of Rights it is made our duty to encourage the diffusion of knowledge and virtue, the promotion of literature, the arts, sciences, &c., and that the policy of the State in exempting churches and literary institutions from taxation as uniformly illustrated by the past records of her Legislature, is one of those modes of encouragement entirely just and fair to all competitors, which cannot degenerate into partialities and is most universally acceptable and popular amongst our constituents."

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